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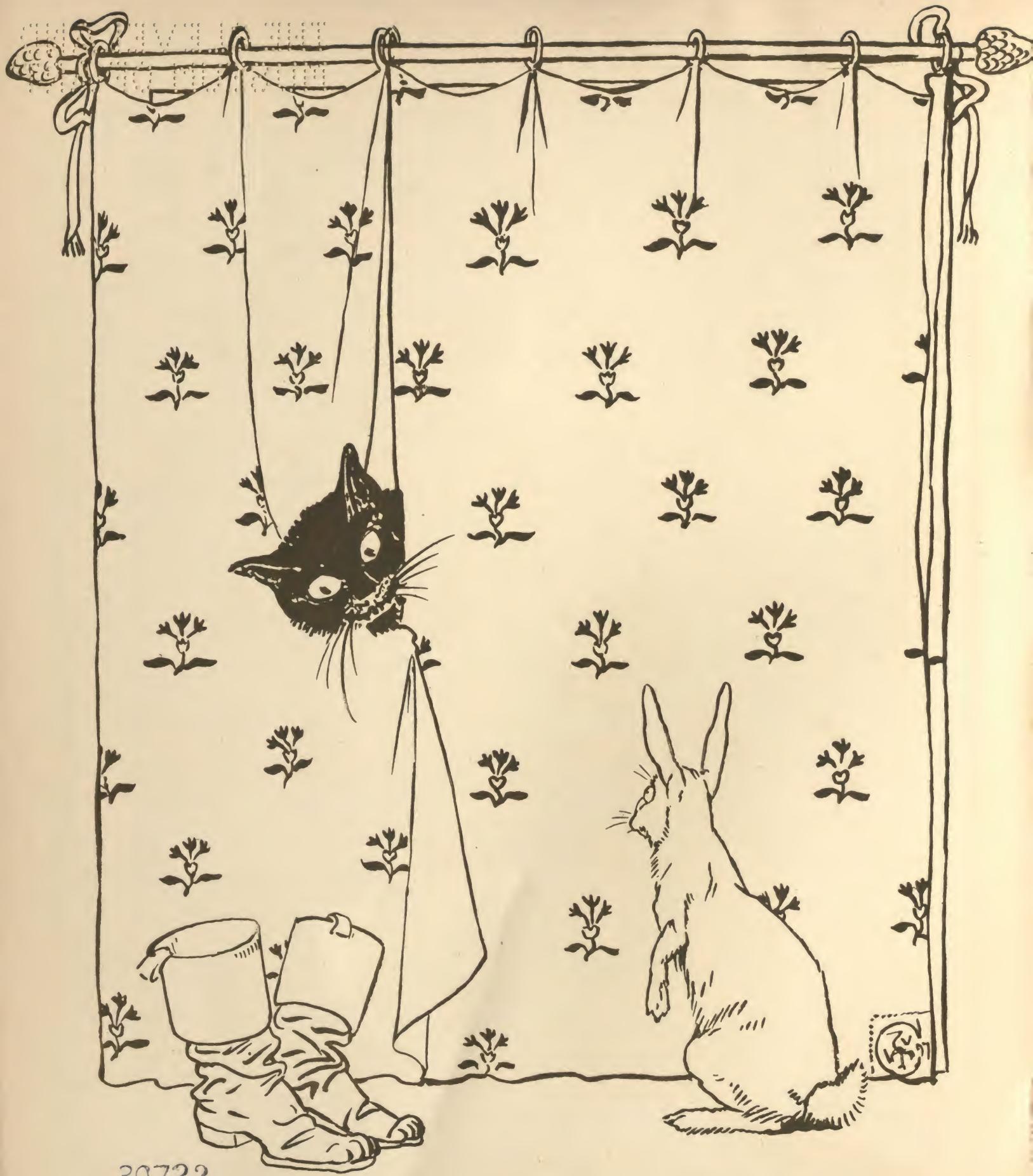
DELIA HOLDEN WHITE
ROBERTA HOLDEN BOLE
EMERY HOLDEN GREENOUGH
GERTRUDE HOLDEN McGINLEY

•WALTER CRANE'S PICTURE
•BOOKS: RE-ISSUE

•PUSS•
•IN•
•BOOTS•

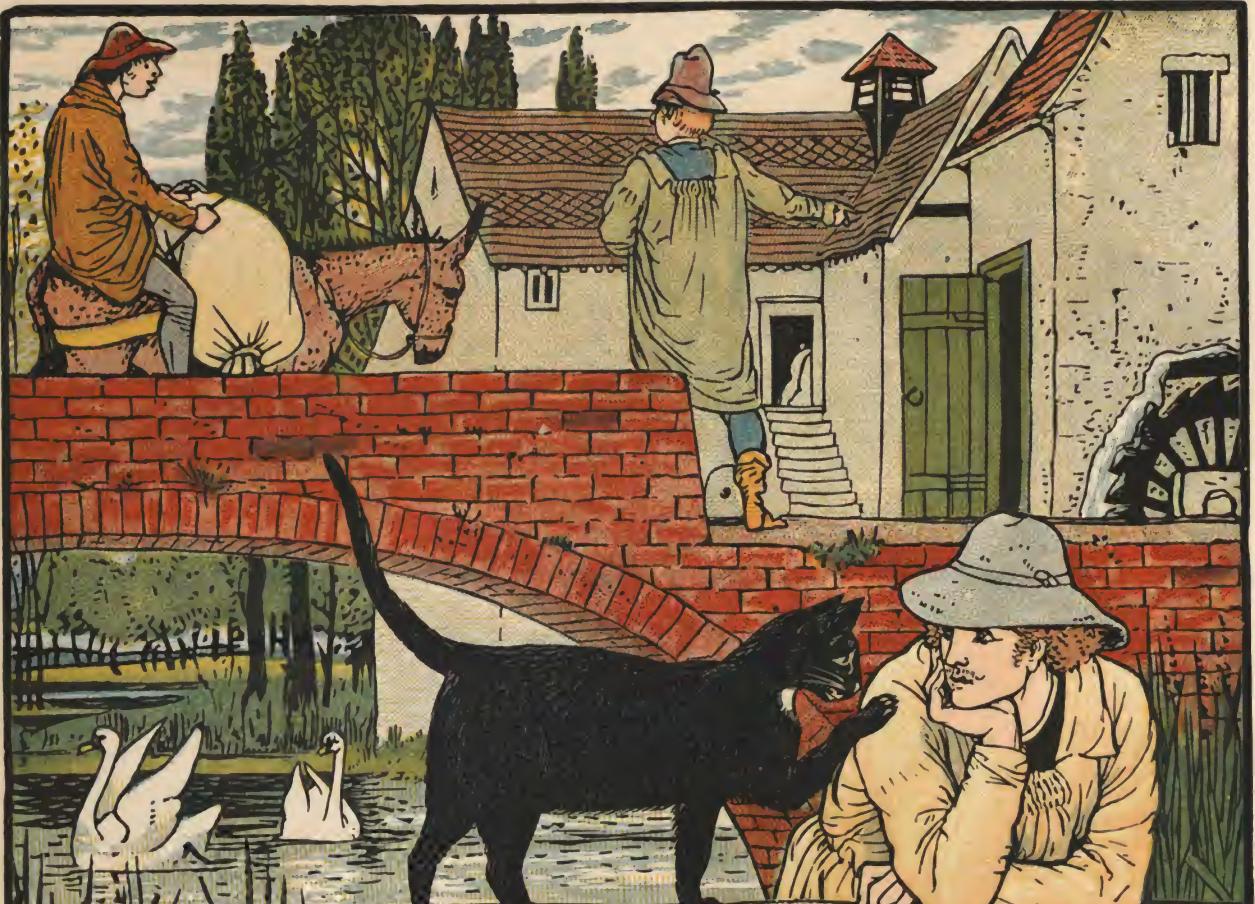


•LONDON & NEW YORK
•JOHN LANE



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PUSS IN BOOTS.

A MILLER lay dying,—he made his last will;
He left his three sons his cat, ass, and mill:
To the eldest the mill, to the second the ass;
The third had the cat, and he cried out, “Alas!
I must starve now, unless I take Pussy to eat!”





"No, Master," said Puss, "give me boots to my
feet—

A pair of top-boots—and please leave me alive,
And you shall just see how we'll flourish and
thrive."



So the Puss put on boots, and he started abroad,
And caught a fine rabbit just near the high-road,
Which he took to the palace, and gave to the

King :

“ This I from the Marquis of Carabas bring.”
Again Puss went hunting, and carried the prey
To the King, with the Marquis’s duty, each day.





One morn, said the Cat to his Master, "I pray
You to go and to bathe in the river to-day;
The Marquis of Carabas, too, you must be,
And leave all the rest of the business to me."

Now, while the King down by the river passed by,
He heard dismal cries of—"Help! help! or he'll die!
The Marquis of Carabas drowns!—O my master!"
The King sent his guards to avert the disaster.
The Miller's son finds himself pulled out, and drest
In all that his Majesty had of the best;





And being well dried and well rid of the water,
Was then introduced by the King to his daughter,
And invited to drive in the King's coach-and-four;
And Puss, who had managed all, hurried before,
And seeing men reaping some very fine corn,
Said to them, " You will wish that you'd never
been born,

If you don't tell the King, who is now near at hand
That the Marquis of Carabas owns all this land."
And all whom he met he commanded the same,
To magnify further the Marquis's name.





At last he arrived at a castle so grand,
Which belonged to an Ogre, as well as the land;
Puss conversed with the Ogre, who said that he
could
Assume any shape that he chose—bad or good,
Great or small—as he'd show; and the Ogre, so
fussy,
Turned into a mouse, and was swallowed by Pussy.
At this moment his Majesty's carriage was heard;
Puss hurried down stairs, and he shortly appeared
At the door, flung wide open before they could ring:
· The Marquis of Carabas welcomes the King!"

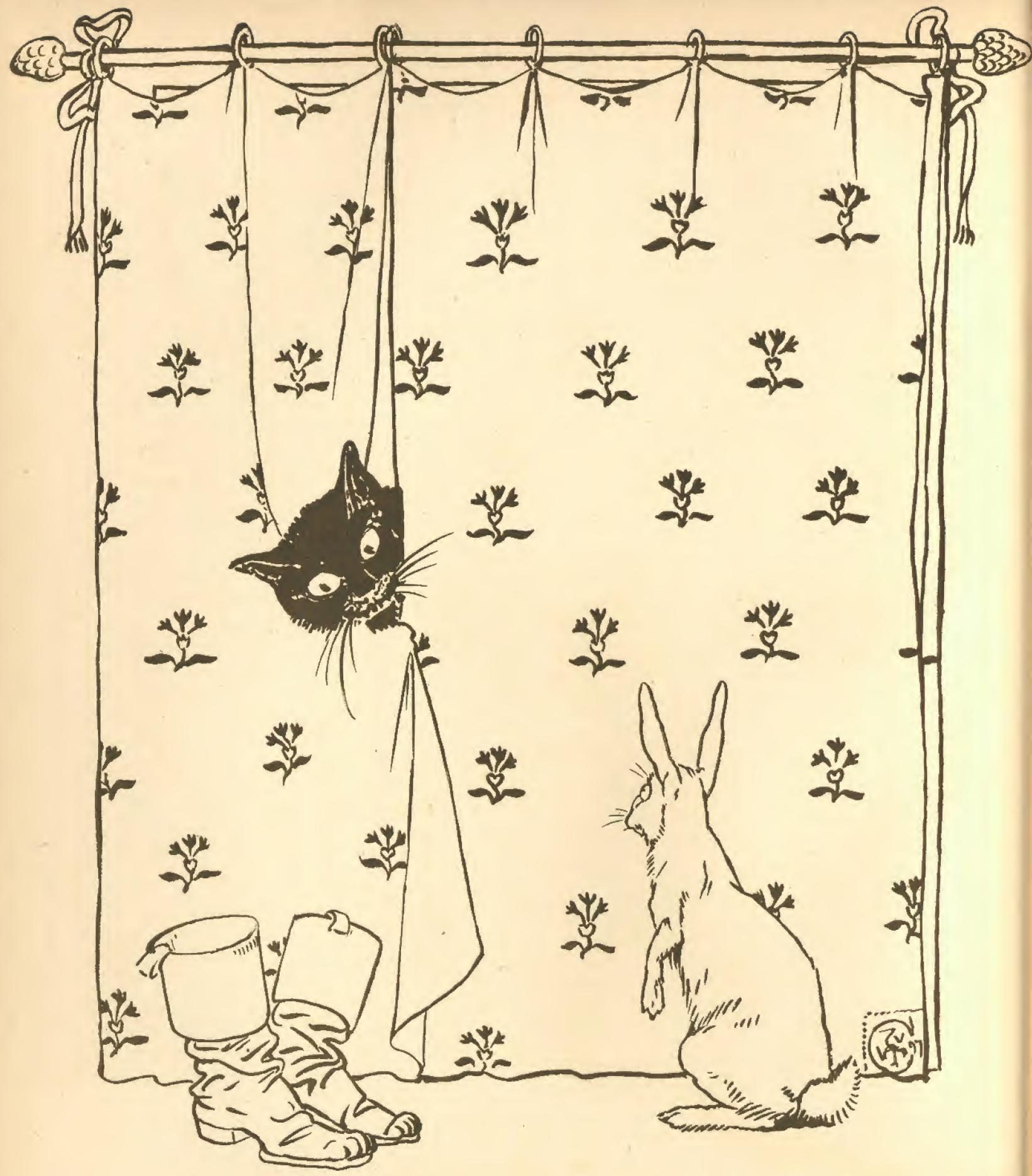


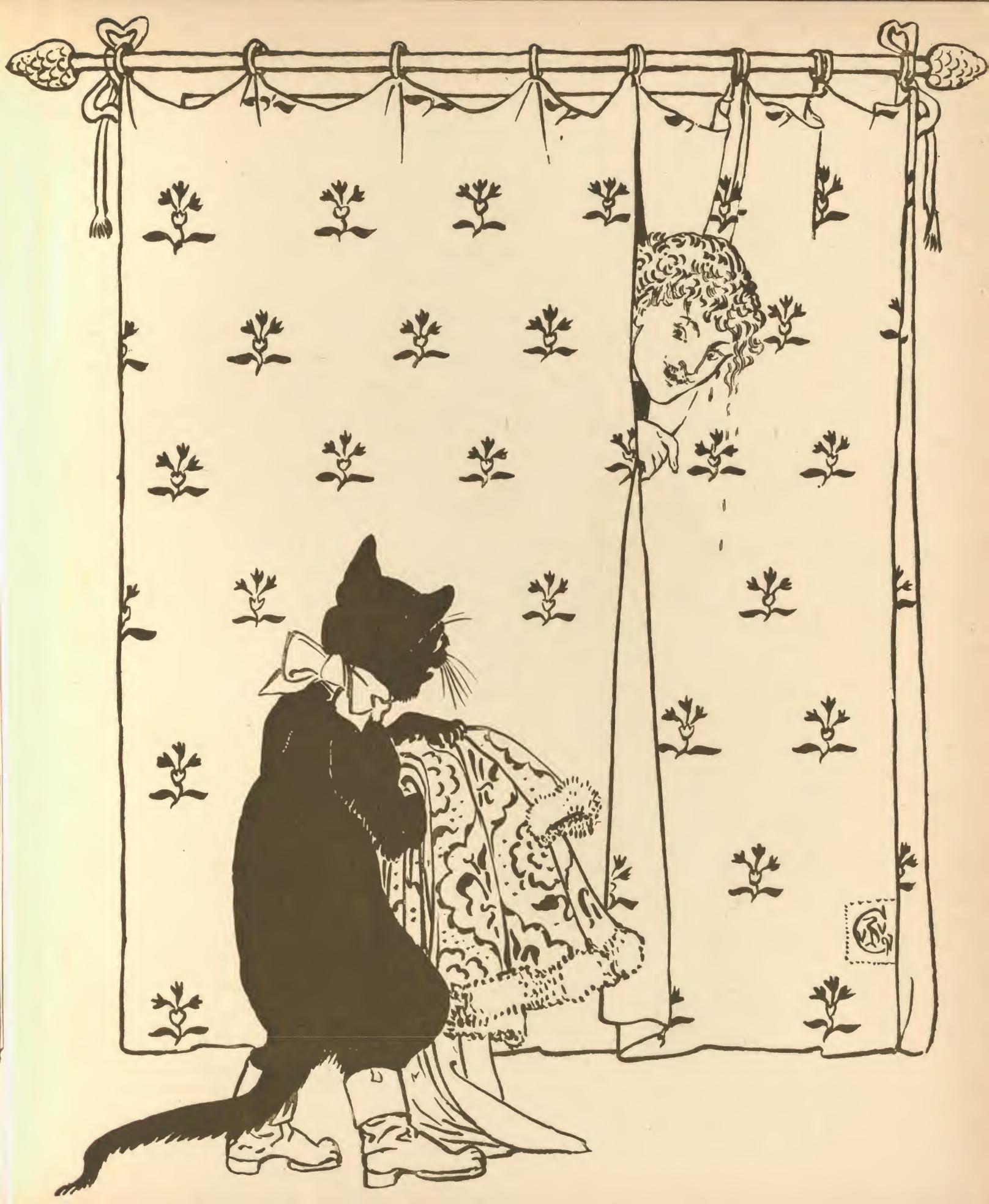


The Miller's son thus became lord of the place,
And he feasted the King with much grandeur
and grace.

After dinner, his Majesty, smiling and bland,
Said, "Marquis of Carabas, give us your hand;
And if there is aught that seems goodly of ours—
Yes, even our daughter—dear Marquis, 'tis
yours."

So the Miller's son married the Princess next day,
And Puss was a groomsman, in top-boots so gay;
For the Marquis of Carabas owed him his life—
His lands and his corn-fields—his castle and wife.







THE FOLLOWING
MAY BE HAD IN THIS
SERIES : SEPARATELY:

1. THIS LITTLE PIG.
2. THE FAIRY SHIP.
3. KING LUCKIEBOY.
4. MOTHER HUBBARD.
5. THE THREE BEARS.
6. THE ABSURD A.B.C.
7. CINDERELLA.
8. PUSS IN BOOTS.
9. VALENTINE & ORSON.

OR, BOUND IN VOLUMES,
IN SETS OF THREE, IN
ABOVE ORDER AT 416.

•WALTER CRANE'S PICTURE
•BOOKS: RE-ISSUE•



•VALENTINE
•AND
•ORSON;

•LONDON & NEW YORK
•JOHN LANE•







ONCE on a time an Emperor, a man of might
and fame,
Married a wife, and fair was she, and Bellisant her
name;
And fair and happy were their lives, until an evil man
(He was the High Priest of the Court) an evil tale
began,
Of how the lady was not true unto her husband dear:
The Emperor believed the tale, and rose up in great
fear,
And drove poor Bellisant away; in haste and dire
mischance
She took her way to Pepin's Court (her brother, King
of France).





And as she fled, weighed down by grief and
sense of cruel scorn,
Lo, in the forest two fair sons to Bellisant were
born ;
But while her servant went to buy some food, a
great she-bear
Came up, and carried off one child unto her
distant lair.
Poor Bellisant ran after her, with many a sigh
and moan ;
In vain,—and when she turned again, the other
child was gone !

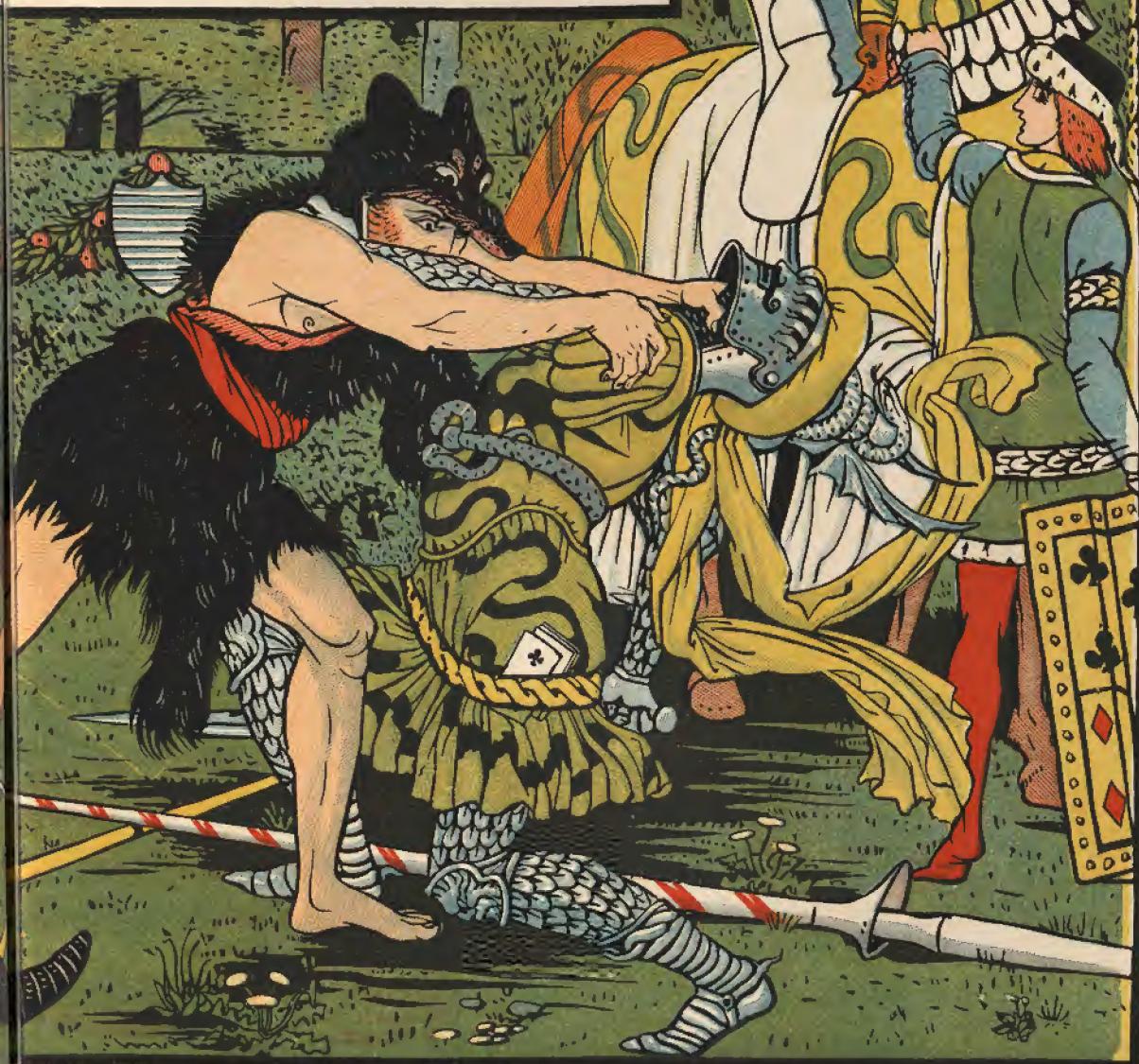


Now, Pepin chanced that very day to hunt with
all his train
In that same wood, and found the child ere she
came back again;
And took him home, and brought him up, and
gave him all things fine—
Apparel, horses, and a name — so he was
VALENTINE.
And brave and fair he grew,—King Pepin's
daughter loved him well;
The sons were jealous. Now will I his brother's
story tell.



The she-bear and her savage cubs,
And nursed him well, and tended him.
They called him ORSON; in the wood
And all he fought he killed with ease.
Was made by Pepin's sons for getting him
Whom they induced to fight with him.
But Valentine was conqueror, and ORSON
And served and followed him always.

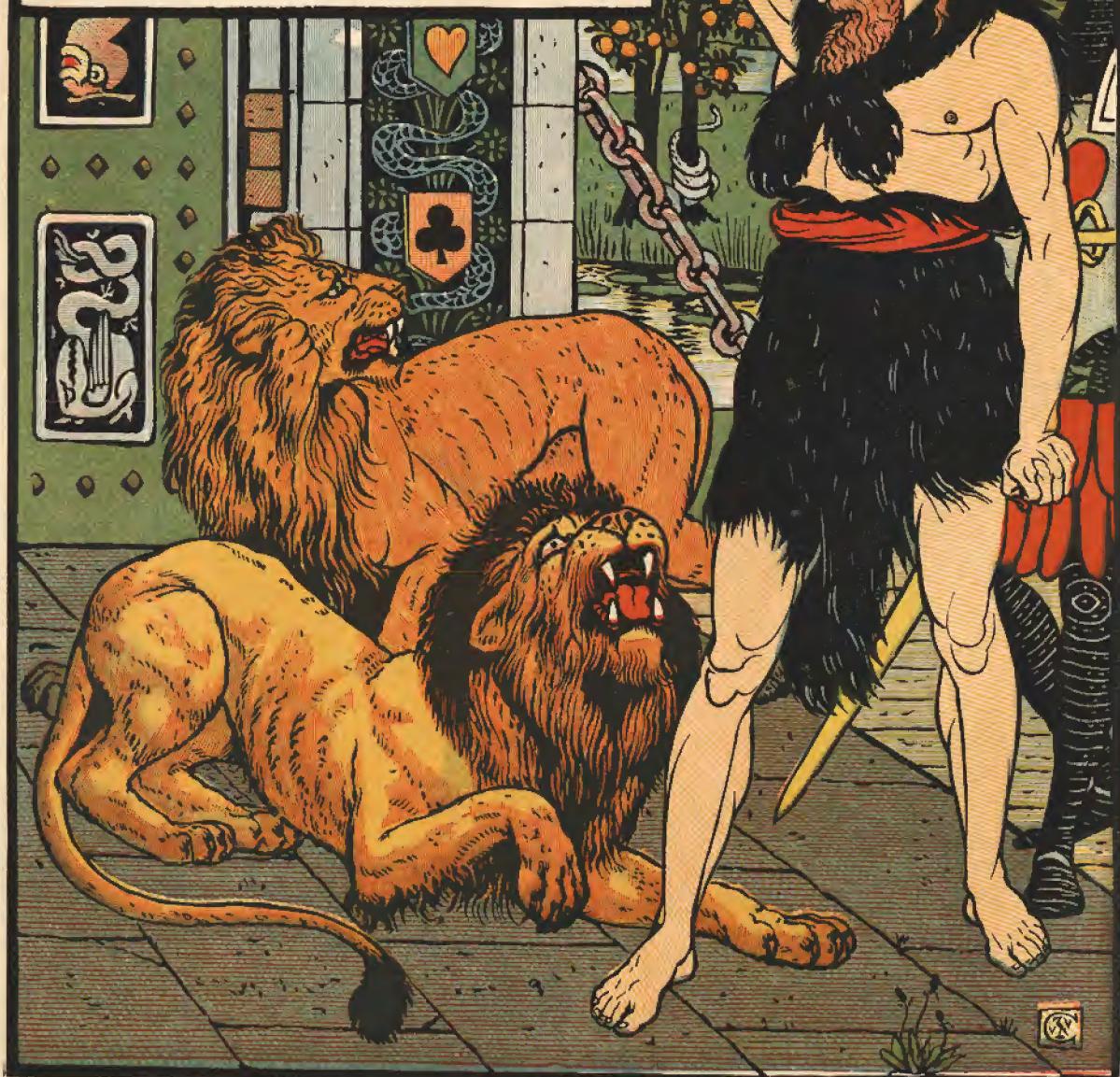
they saved the child alive,
him,—well did he grow and thrive.
bods he lived, a strong wild man,
ase; and so a wicked plan
ing rid of Valentine,
im, by flattering words and fine.
Orson owned his might,
y; and they were squire and knight.





Now, in that land there dwelt a man, the
Green Knight he was called,
Who by his strength and magic arts a lady
fair enthralled,
And kept in prison dark and strong, and none
could set her free ;
Not even Valentine prevailed, with all his
bravery,

But Orson threw the Green Knight down, and
bound him with a chain,
And set the lady free; both brothers then
start off to gain
The Green Knight's castle-gates,—two roaring
lions kept guard there,
But down they crouched when they beheld the
brothers void of fear.

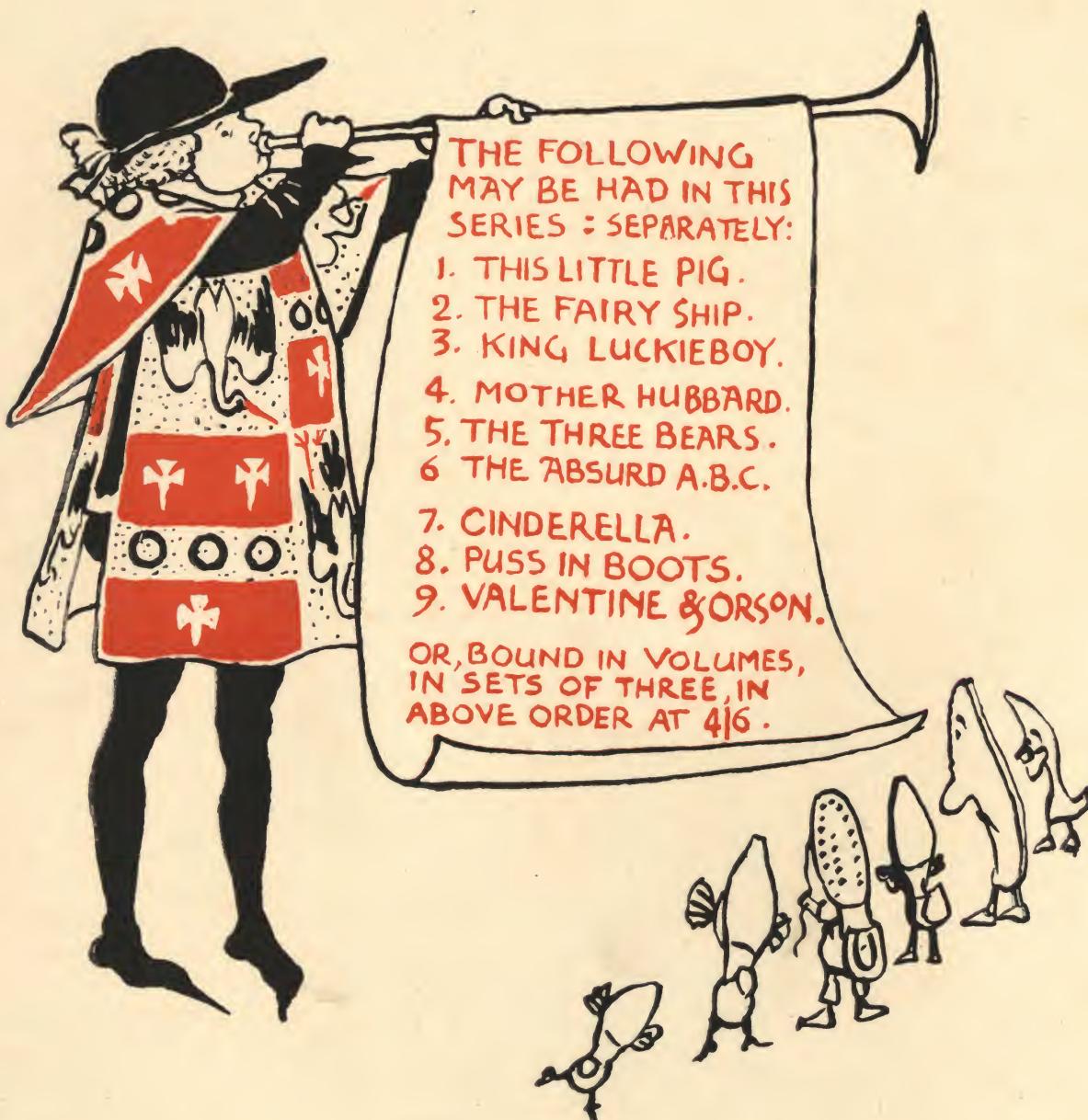




And there within the castle hall they saw a head of brass
That uttered marvels,—of their birth, and how it came
to pass ;
How in a convent lonely was their mother Bellisant ;
How the King and Queen of France were their uncle
and their aunt ;
How the High Priest had confessed his lies, with
many tears and groans ;
How the Emperor, their father, was in search of wife
and sons.
So the lost were found, the wrong made right, by all
good rule and line ;
They married well, and lived long years—ORSON and
VALENTINE







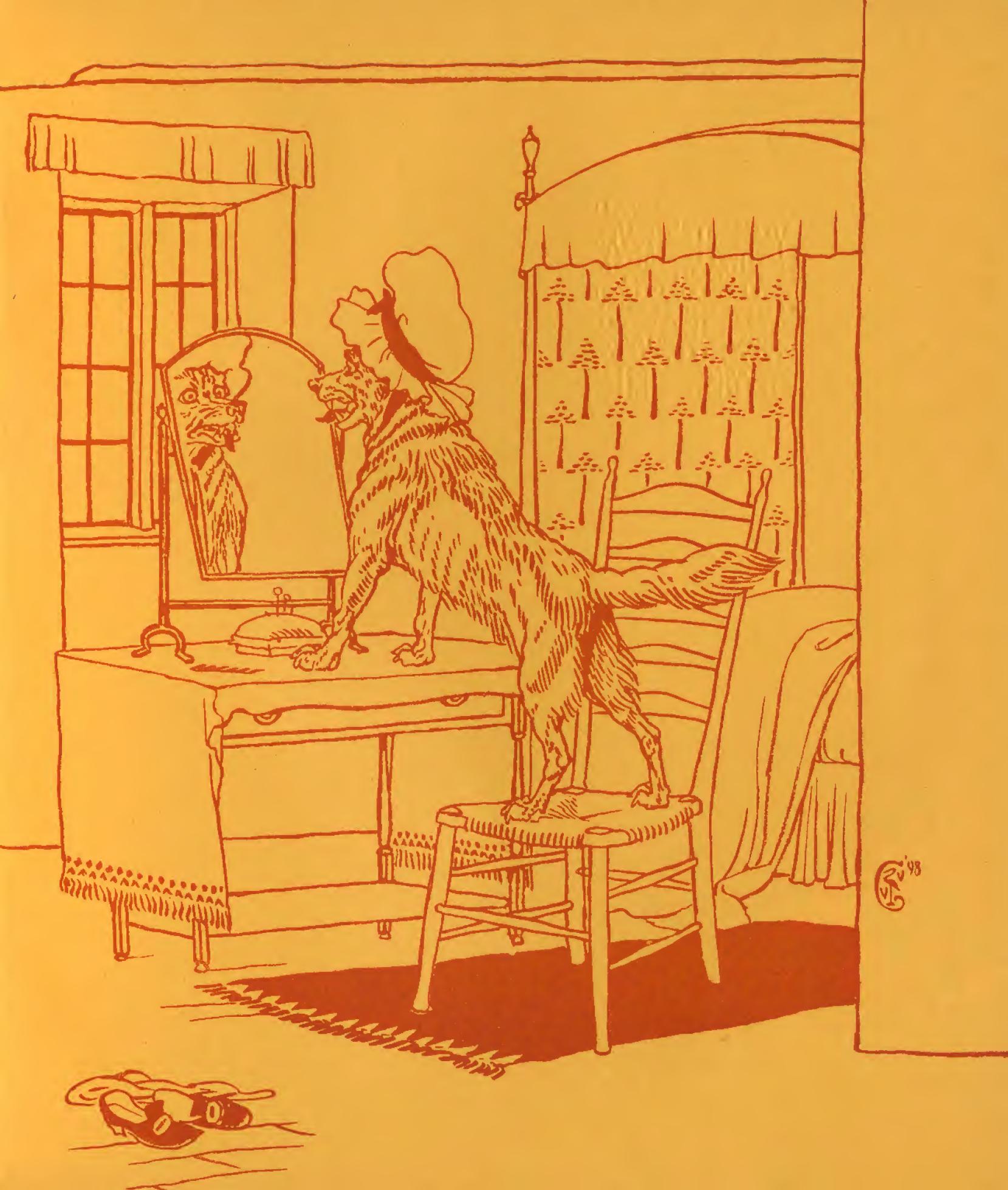
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LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD



LONDON & NEW YORK: JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD





98
V. V.

RED RIDING HOOD.

A LONG time ago, in a house near a wood,
As most pretty histories go,
A nice little girl lived, called Red Riding Hood,
As some of us already know.

One day said her mother, "Get ready, my dear,
"And take to your Granny some cakes,
"And a pot of fresh butter to soothe her and
"Ask after her pains and her aches." [cheer;



Out set Riding Hood, so obliging and sweet,
And she met a great Wolf in the wood,
Who began most politely the maiden to greet,
as tender a voice as he could.

He asked to what house she was going,
and why;
Red Riding Hood answered him all:
He said, "Give my love to your Gran; I
will try
"At my earliest leisure to call."



Off he ran, and Red Riding Hood went on her way,
But often she lingered and played,
And made as she went quite a pretty nosegay
With the wild flowers that grew in the glade.





But in the meanwhile the Wolf went, with a grin,
At the Grandmother's cottage to call;
He knocked at the door, and was told to come in,
Then he eat her up—sad cannibal!
Then the Wolf shut the door, and got into bed,
And waited for Red Riding Hood;
When he heard her soft tap at the front door, he said,
Speaking softly as ever he could:



"Who is there?" "It is I, your dear grand-
child; I've brought
"Some butter and nice little cakes."
"Pull the bobbin, my child, and come in,
as you ought;
"I'm in bed very bad with my aches."

When she entered the room, the old Wolf
hid himself
Very carefully (such was his plan):
"Put your basket and things little dear,
on the shelf,
"And come into bed to your Gran."



The obedient child laid her down by the side
Of her Grandmother dear (as she thought);
But all at once, "Granny!" Red Riding Hood
cried,

"What very long arms you have got!"
He answered, "The better to hug you, my child."
"But, Granny, what very large ears!"

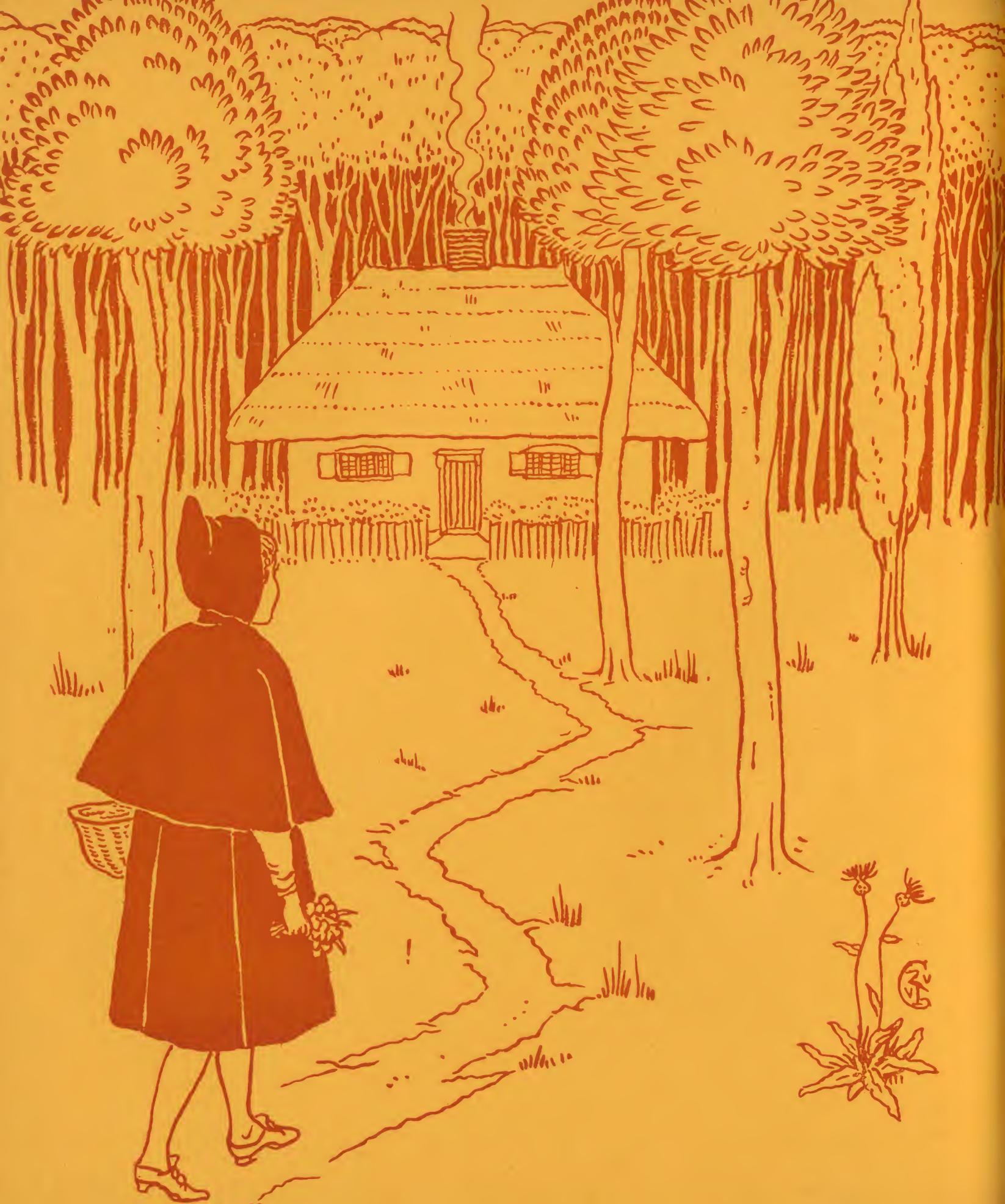
"The Letter to hear you;" the voice was still
But the poor little girl had her fears. [mild,
"Grandmother, you seem to have very large
"The better to see you, I trow." [eyes!"
"What great teeth you have got!" and the
wicked Wolf cries,
"The better to eat you up now!"

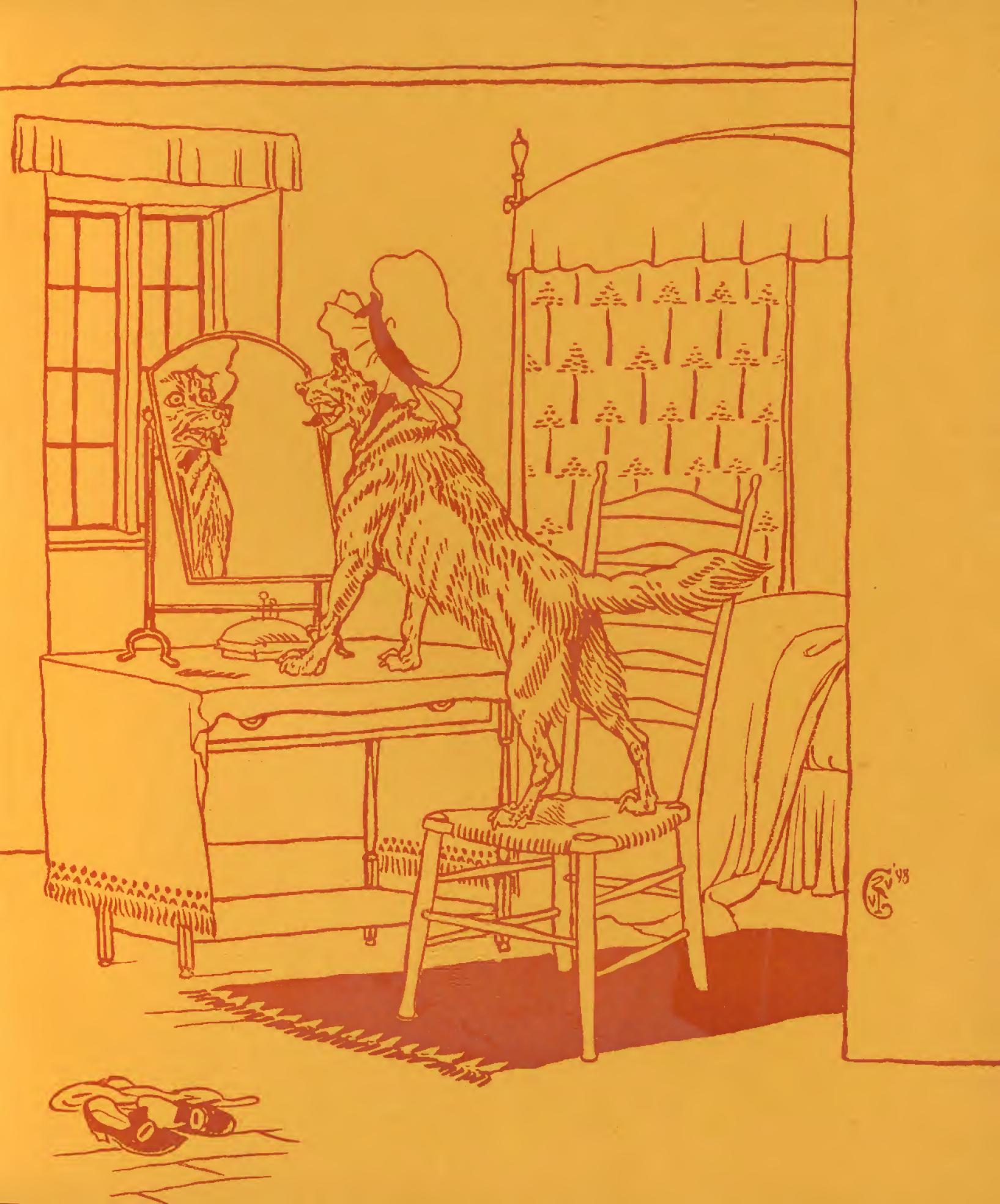


Red Riding Hood shrieked, and—bang!
off went a gun,
And shot the old Wolf through the
head;
One howl and one moan, one kick and
one groan,
And the wicked old rascal was dead.

Some sportsman (he certainly was a dead
shot)
Had aimed at the Wolf when she
cried;
So Red Riding Hood got safe home—
did she not?
And lived happily there till she died.







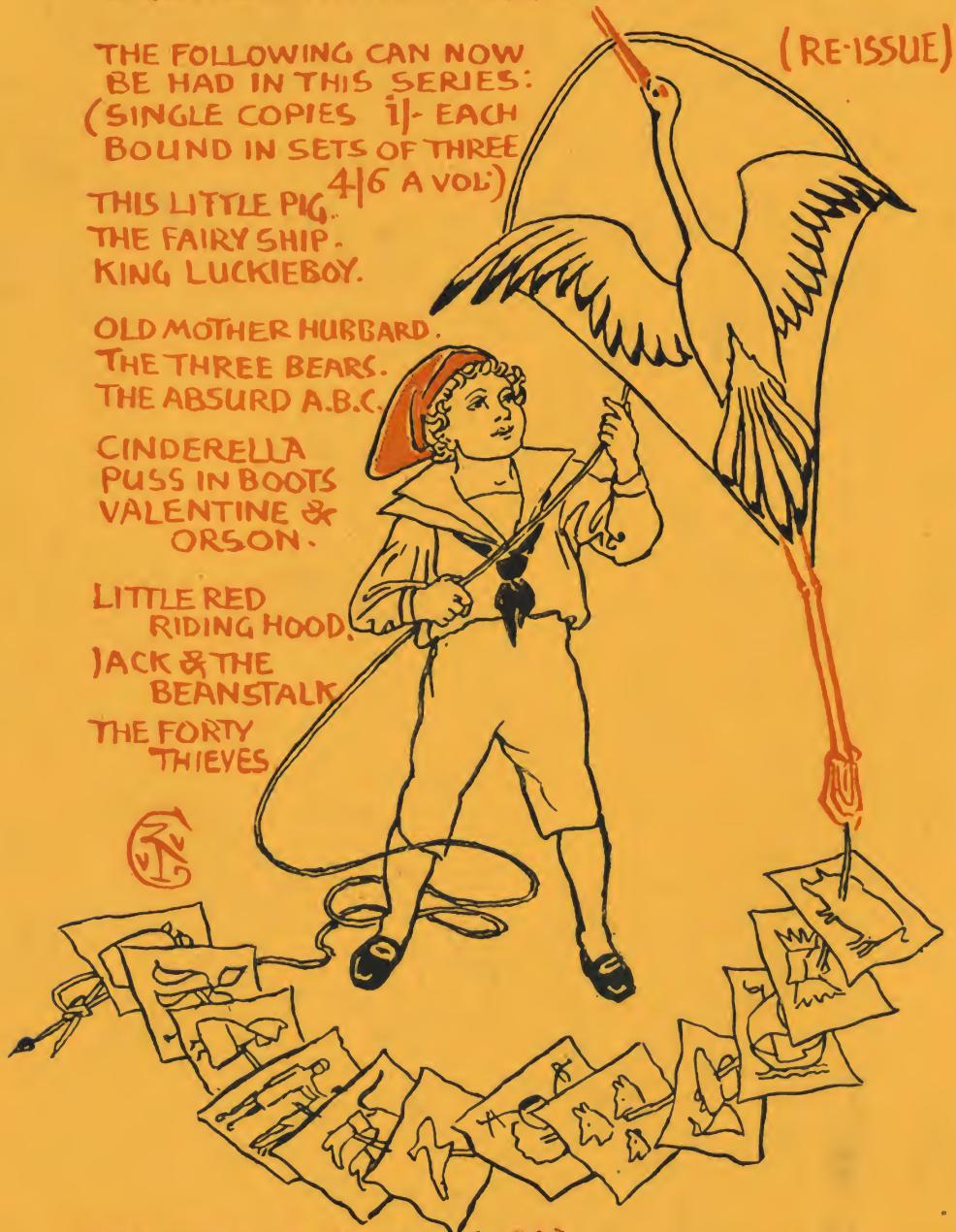
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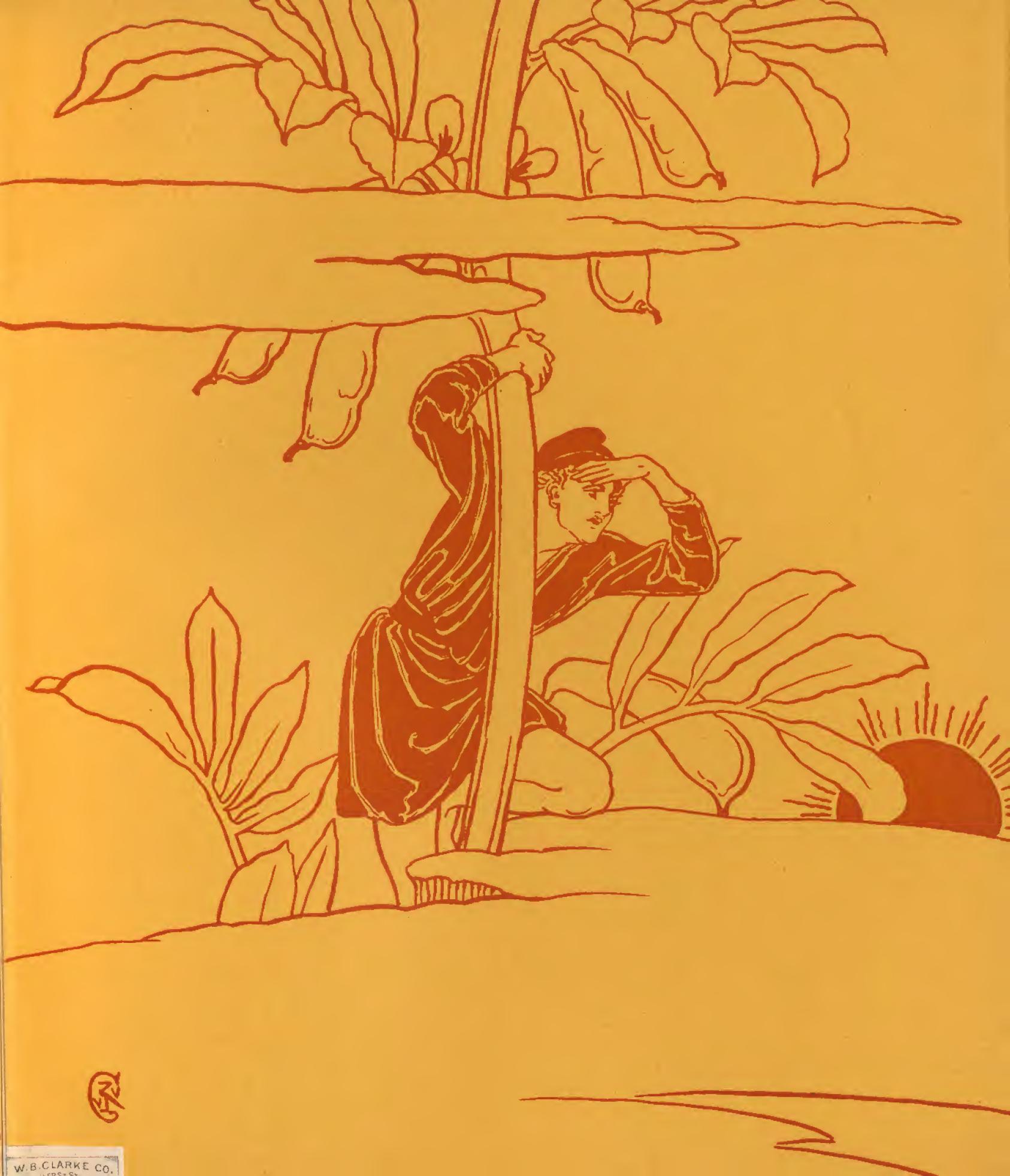
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JACK AND THE BEAN STALK



LONDON & NEW YORK: JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD.





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Jack and the Bean-stalk.

IN the days of good King Alfred lived a widow with her son ; She was kind, and he was idle, so at last their wealth was done, Nothing left remaining but a cow, which must be sold for bread ; Jack, who was to sell, exchanged her, and got only beans instead,— Beans, which when his angry mother saw, she flung away in scorn : Think how great her Jack's surprise was, when, on getting up next morn,

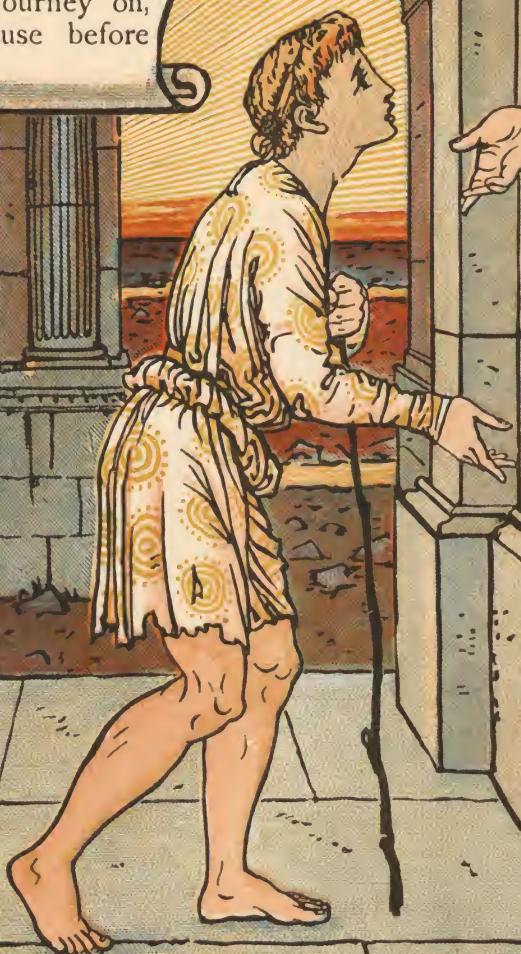
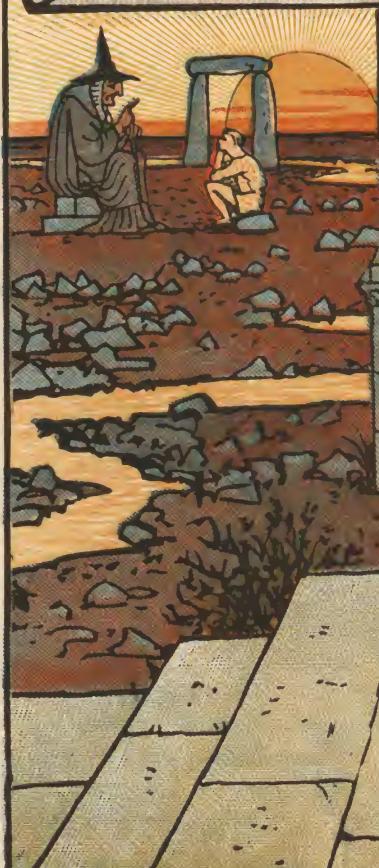




He perceived the beans had sprouted,—grown so very tall and high,
That the topmost of their branches
seemed to lose itself in sky.

“I must climb,” cried Jack, delighted,
“it seems strong enough to bear;”
When his mother would prevent him,
no remonstrance would he hear.
Up he goes among the branches,
easy as a winding stair;
Climbing on for hours, he reaches
desert lands and bleaker air.
Was no sight or sound to cheer him,
and he very hungry grew;
As he wandered, sick and weary, an
old woman came in view:
She was old, her garments tattered,
and half blind she seemed, and lame.

But she asked of Jack his business,
and how he in that land came.
Jack then told her all his hist'ry,
though it presently appeared
She knew rather more than he did,
and some mysteries she cleared,
As to who his father was, and how
he lost his life and wealth.
Through the baseness of a giant,
who disposed of him by stealth,
Making off with all his riches; "In
this very land," said she,
"Lives he,—all is yours, and you
must claim your property.
I will help you,—I'm a Fairy;
turn directly to the right;
If with speed you journey on,
you'll reach his house before
the night."



On he went, and reached the giant
not at home;
Wife permitted Jack to enter, as to
Meat and drink she gave him also,
house,
And at last she hid him, lest he'd t
spouse,
Who, on entering, loudly stated tha
meat,
But was by his wife persuaded qui
(Grieved I am that it consisted sole
And when he his supper ended, in
hen,
Who a golden egg produced wh
"Lay!"
When the giant fell asleep, Jack seize



nt's house, and found him
to call so far he'd come;
o, showed him over all the
l tempt the hunger of her
that he plainly smelt fresh
uietly his meal to eat,
olely of the flesh of men);
in was brought a splendid
hene'er the giant shouted
ized the hen and ran away.



Down the bean-stalk home he hastened, and
upon the magic pelf
Long he lived, his mother also, till at last he
found himself
Quite inclined for greater riches, as he knew
an easy road ;
Up he climbed the bean-stalk ladder, and
returned with *such a load !*
But the giant nearly wakened with the bark-
ing of a dog,—
(Very lucky 'twas for Jack, that way of sleep-
ing like a log).





Bags of gold and silver Jack took home,
but still his mind did lean
Towards another prize, and journey
up the lucky stalk of bean.
Hidden in his usual corner in the
giant's house, he spied,
Bought for that great man's amusement,
playing sweetly by his side
While he slept, a golden harp, which
Jack at once caught up, and ran,
But the harp with human voice cried,
"Master, master, stop this man!"
But so tipsy was the giant, though
he tried to run and bawl,
That, with all his pains, he could not
stop the flight of Jack at all.

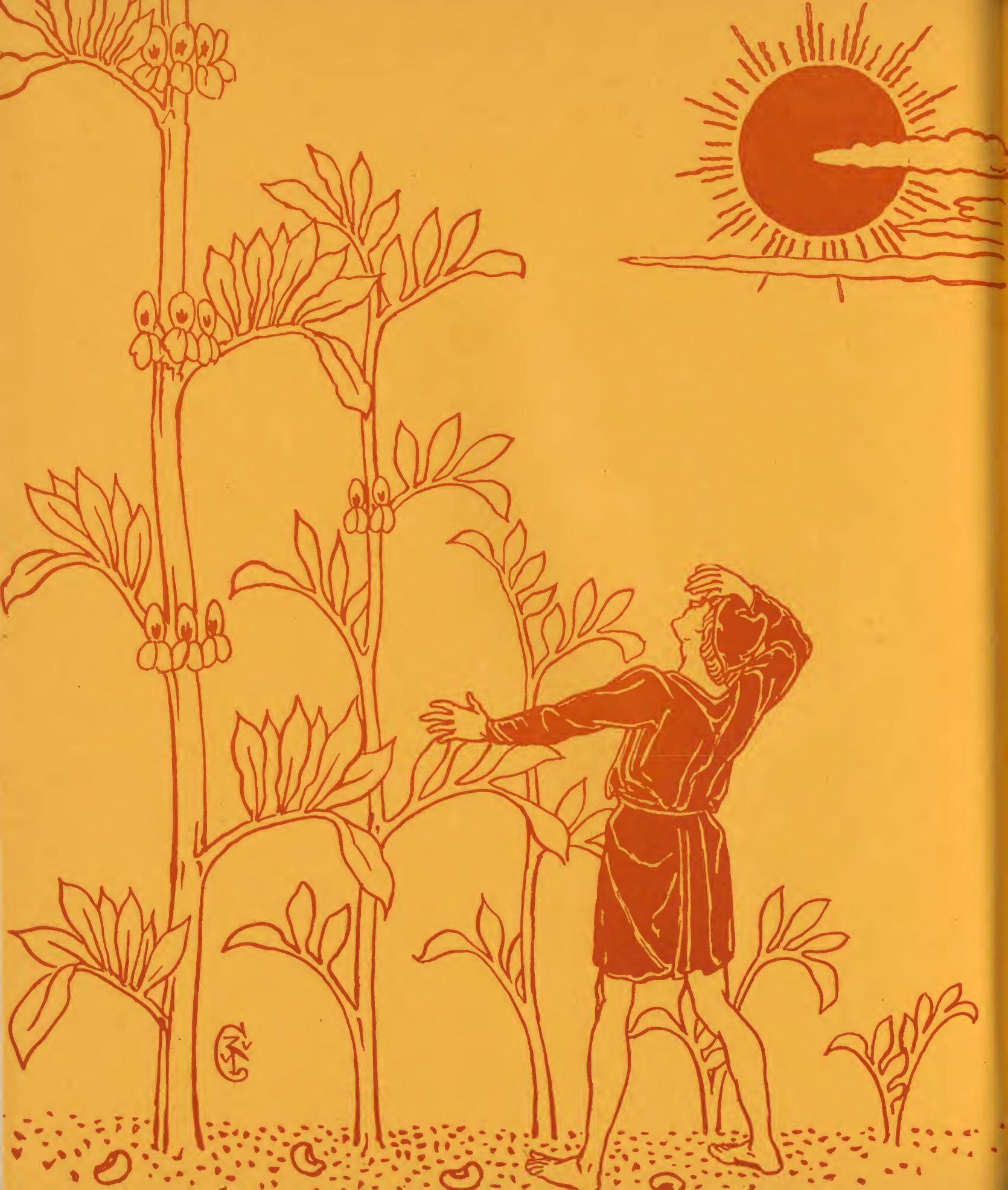


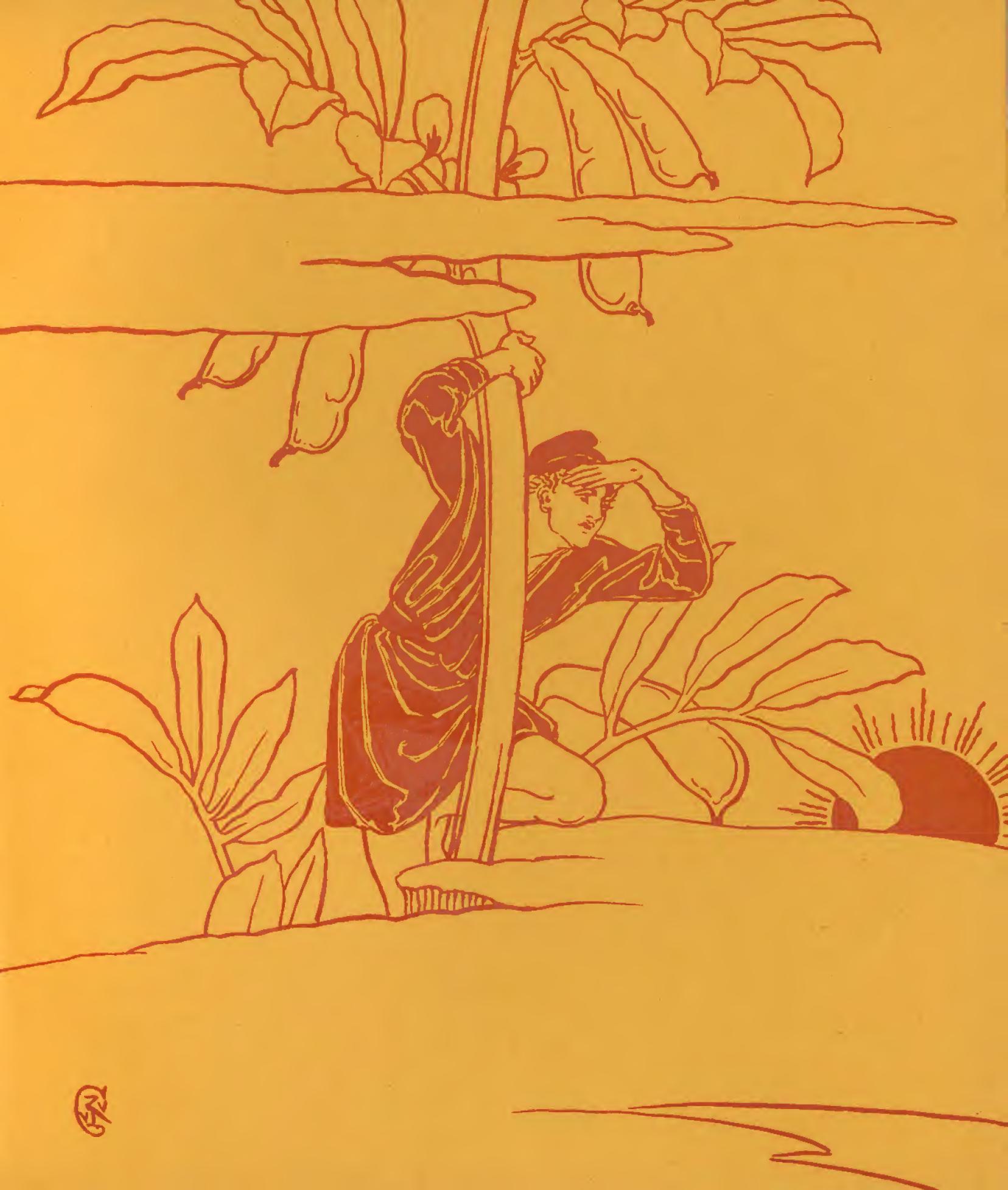
Down the road and down the bean-stalk swiftly ran and clambered Jack,

Joy was in his manly bosom, and the harp upon his back.

Down the giant scrambles after Jack, but little does *he* reck,—
With an axe he cuts the bean-stalk, and the giant breaks his neck.

After this, I need not tell you,
Jack resolved to settle down,
Stay at home, climb no more bean-stalks, be respected in the town.





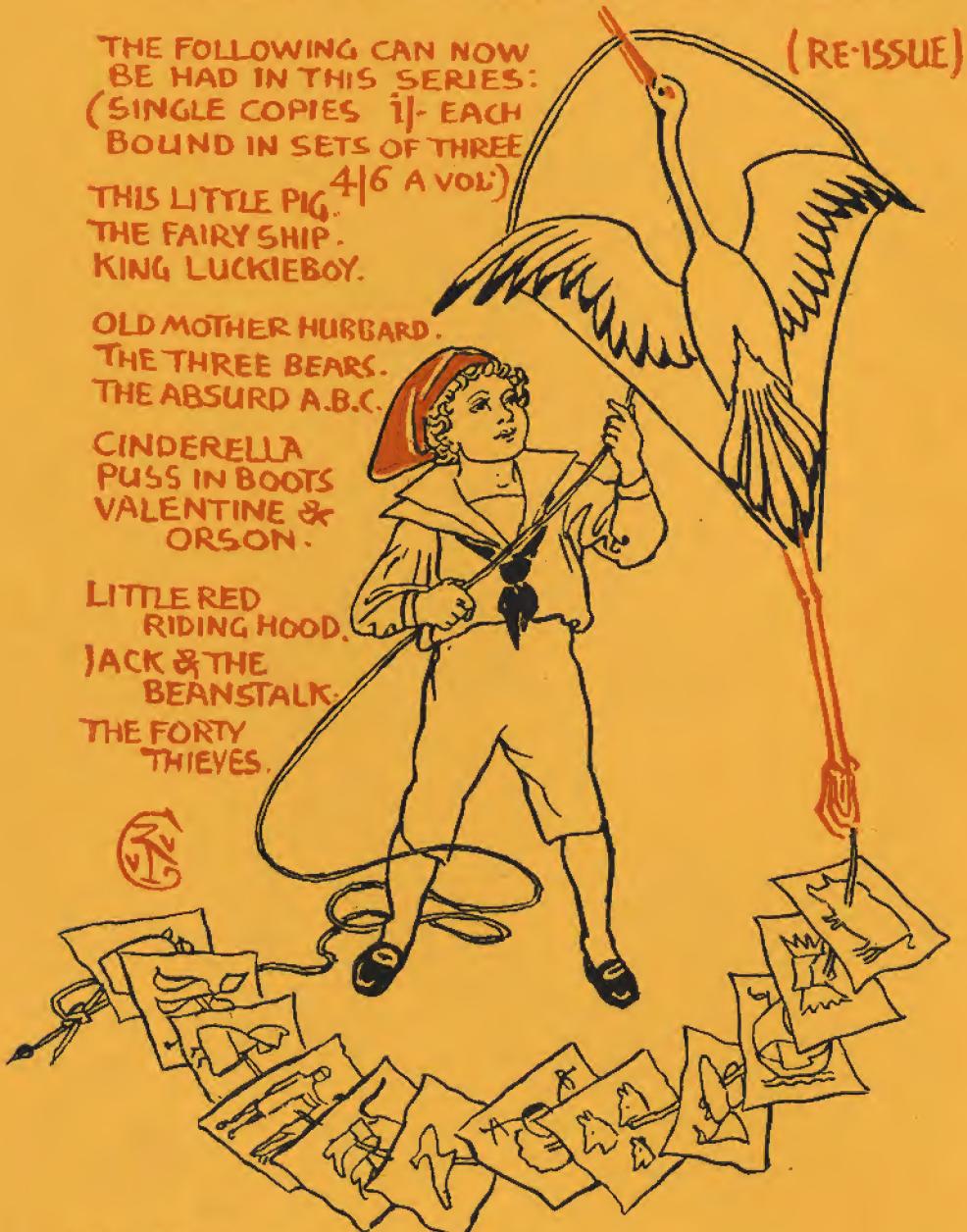
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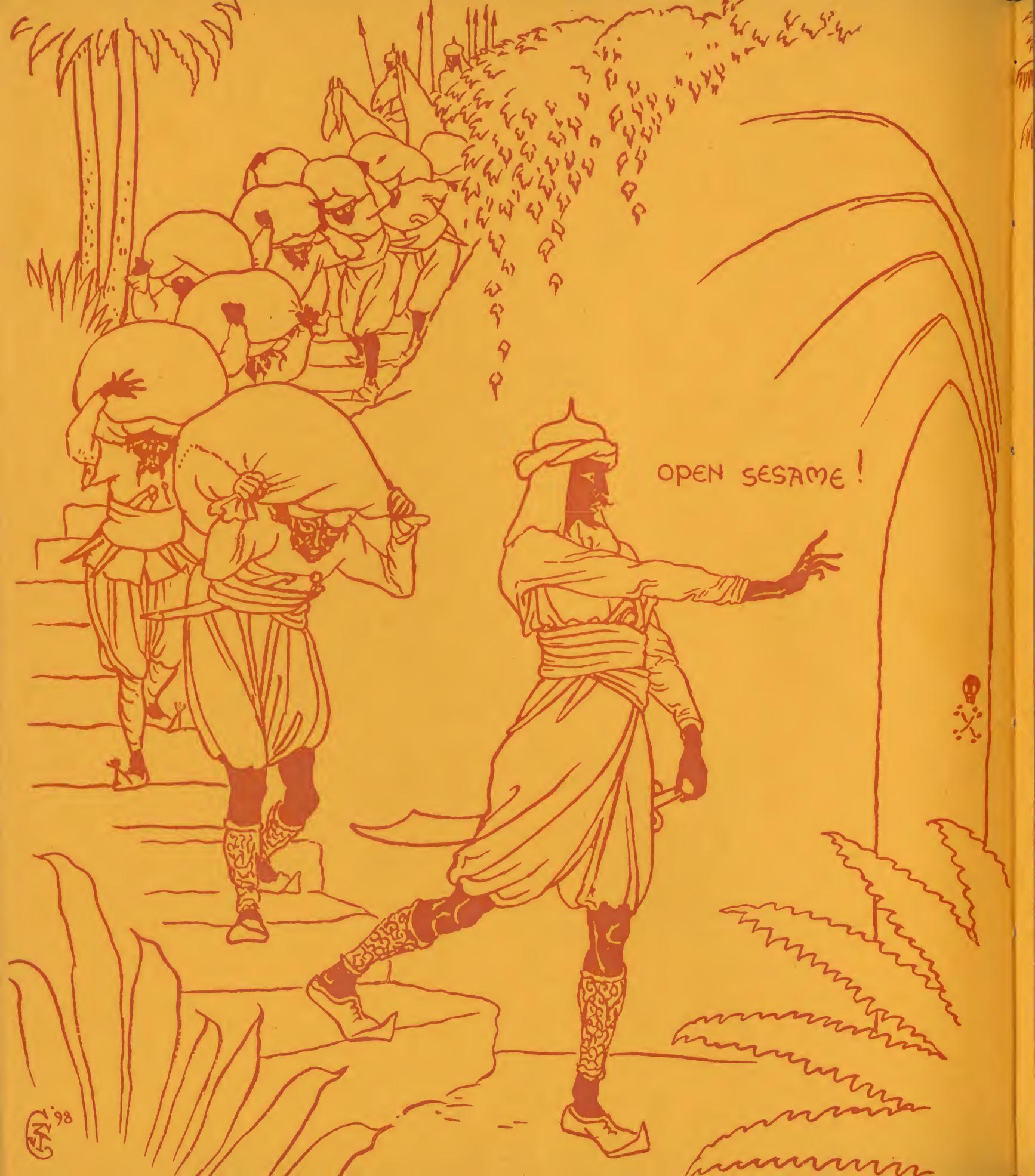


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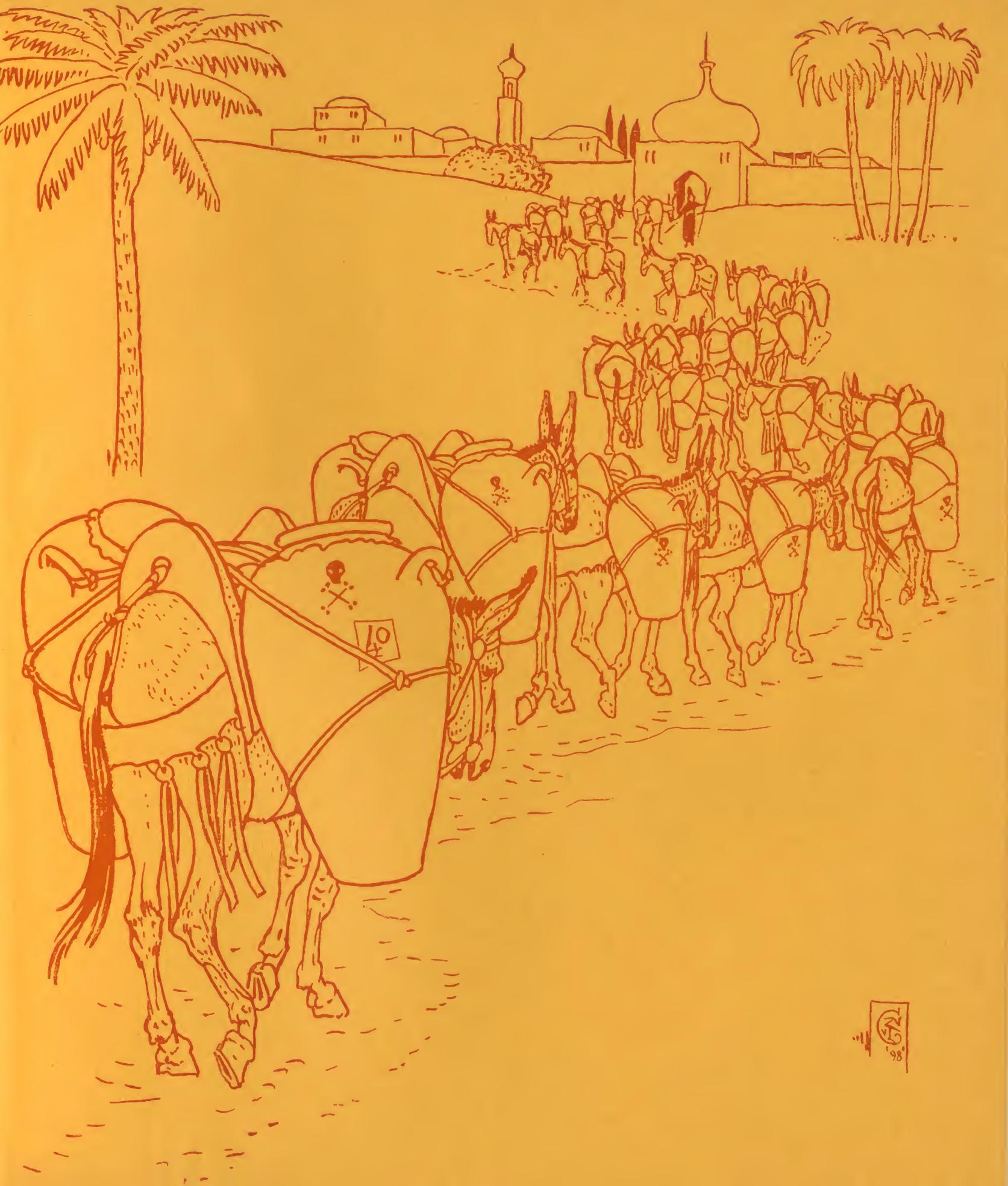
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OPEN SESAME!





ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES.

IN a town in Persia lived two brothers—Cassim and Ali Baba. Cassim was rich, but Ali Baba was poor, and gained his living by cutting wood, and bringing it upon three asses into the town to sell.

One day he saw some robbers in a forest; he watched them from a hiding-place, and counted forty of them; they carried bags of treasure, and hid it in a cave,

which opened for them in the solid rock on saying the words, "Open, Sesame." When they came out again, the captain said, "Shut, Sesame," and the door shut behind them, and they rode off. Then Ali Baba came down from his hiding-place, and went to the rock, and said "Open, Sesame," and a door opened, and he entered and found all manner of treasure; he carried off a quantity of gold coin, and lading his asses with it, went home. When he showed it to his wife, she wanted to measure it, to see how much they possessed, and she went to Cassim's wife to borrow a measure, and Cassim's wife lent it to her, putting some suet at the bottom of the measure.



Ali Baba and his wife then measured the gold, and buried it in the ground ; and when Cassim's wife received back the measure, she found a piece of gold sticking to the suet. She told Cassim, who persuaded his brother to tell him the secret of the cave, and went next day to get treasure for himself. He entered the cave by saying, "Open, Sesame ;" but when he was ready to depart, having gathered many bags together, he could not think of the magic words, and so was obliged to remain in the cave till the robbers returned, who, enraged at having had their secret discovered, killed him, and cut his body into four quarters, hanging them inside the cave. Cassim's



wife, finding that her husband did not return, went to tell Ali Baba, who at once set off to go to the cave, and on entering it discovered his brother's remains, which he carried home on one of his asses, loading the other two with bags of gold. Ali Baba then buried the body, and contrived, with the assistance of an intelligent slave named Morgiana, to make every one believe that Cassim had died a natural death. Ali Baba then married the widow, and became very rich and prosperous.

Meanwhile the forty robbers visited their cave, and finding that Cassim's body had been removed, determined not to rest until they had discovered their enemy; and



one of them undertaking the search, in which he was assisted by the Cobbler who had sewn Cassim's body together, at last found Ali Baba's house, which he marked with a piece of chalk, and returned to his fellows. When Morgiana saw the mark, she chalked several other doors in the same manner. The thieves then coming to attack the house, and not being able to distinguish it from the others, had to return to their cave; and the robber, who they thought had misled them, was put to death. Another robber then undertook the enterprise, and, being guided by the Cobbler, marked the door with red chalk, but Morgiana marked the neighbours' doors in the same



manner, and so defeated them a second time; and the second robber was put to death. The Captain then went into the town himself, and having found and carefully observed Ali Baba's house, returned to his men, and ordered them to buy nineteen mules and thirty-eight leathern jars, one full of oil and the rest empty. This they did, and the Captain placing one of his men in each of the empty jars, loaded the asses with them, and drove them into the town to Ali Baba's house. Ali Baba received him hospitably; and the Captain ordered his men, who remained in their jars in the yard, to come out in the middle of the night at a signal from him. He





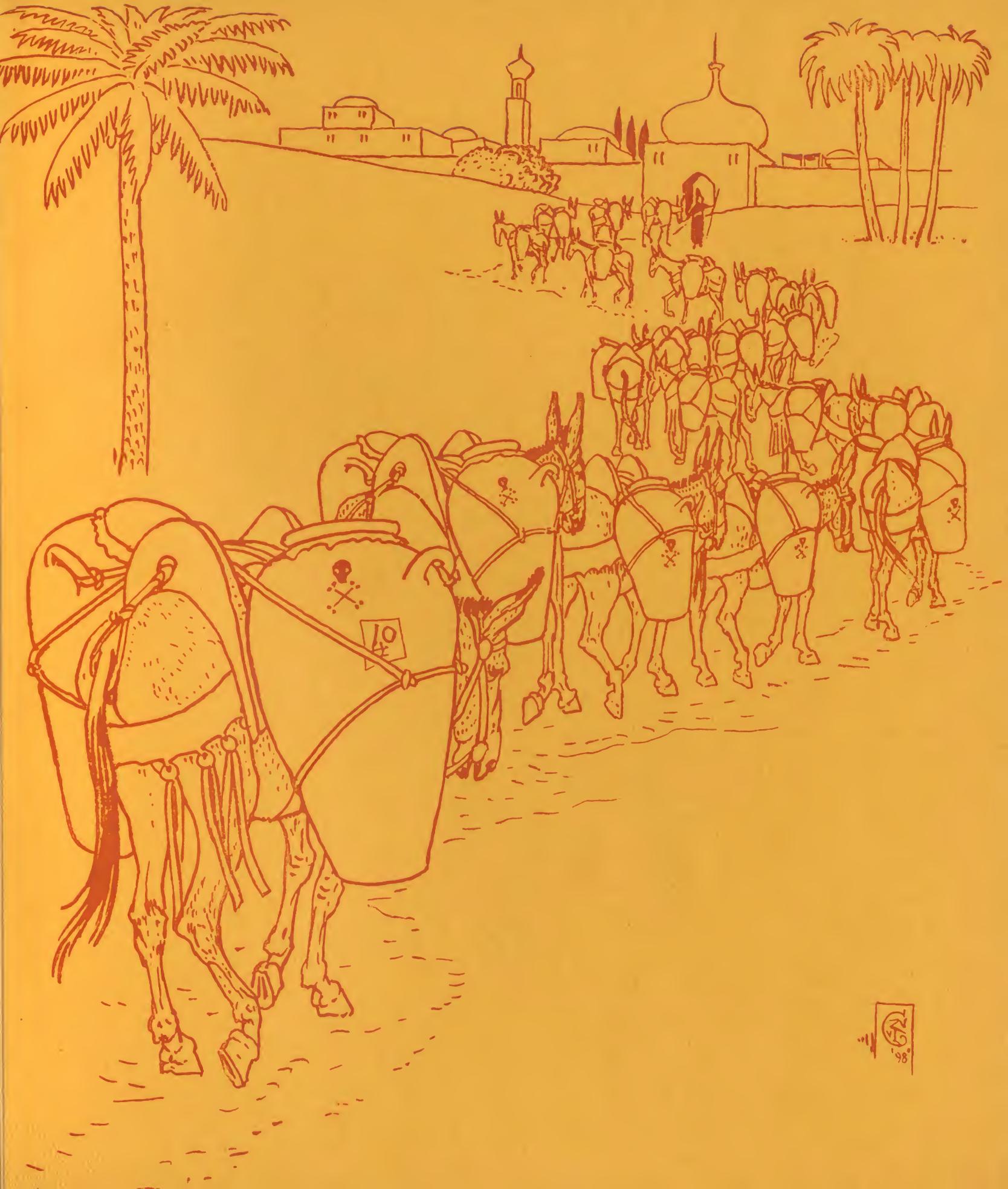
then went to bed ; and Morgiana happening to need oil, went to help herself out of the jars of the guest ; she found, instead of oil, a man in every jar but one. Determined that they should not escape, and heating a quantity of oil, she poured some into each jar, killing the robber within. So when the captain gave the signal to his men, none of them appeared, and going to the jars he found them all dead ; so he went his way full of rage and despair, and returned to the cave, and there formed a project of revenge. Next day he went into the town, and hiring a warehouse, which he furnished with rich goods, became acquainted with

Ali Baba's son, who one day invited him to his father's house. On hearing that the new guest would eat no salt with his meat, Morgiana's suspicions were aroused, and she recognised him as the captain of the robbers. After dinner she undertook to perform a dance before the company, and at the end of it pointed a dagger at the captain, and then plunged it into his heart. Ali Baba was very much shocked, until Morgiana explained the reasons for her conduct; he then gave her to his son in marriage, and they lived in great prosperity and happiness ever after.





OPEN SESAME!



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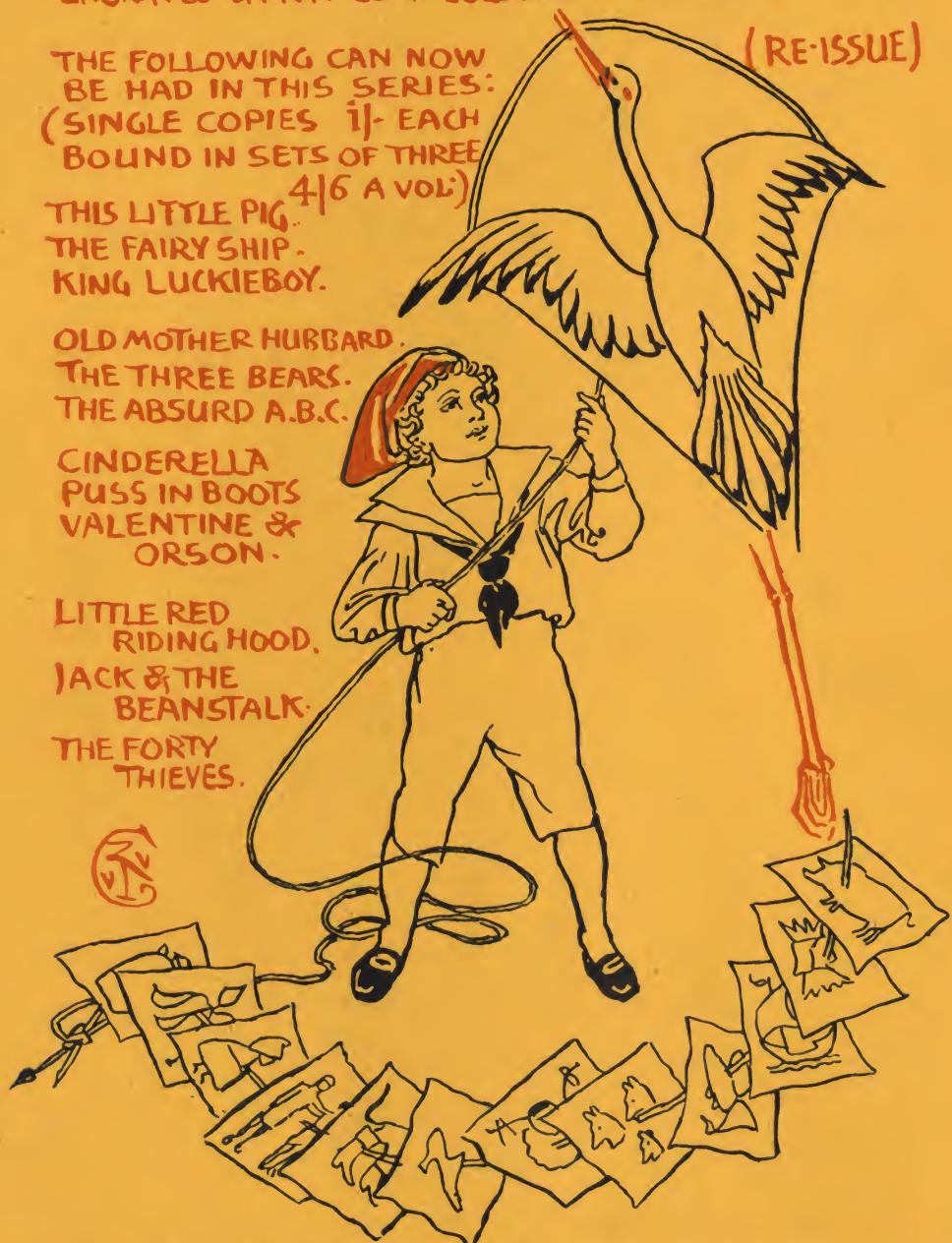
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BLUE BEARD



LONDON & NEW YORK JOHN LANE THE BODLEY H^D







BLUEBEARD.

ONCE on a time there lived a man
hated by all he knew,
Both that his ways were very bad,
and that his beard was blue;
But as he was so rich and grand, and
led a merry life,
A lady he contrived at last to induce
to be his wife.



For a month after the wedding they
lived and had good cheer,
And then said Bluebeard to his wife,
"I'll say good-bye, my dear;
Indeed, it is but for six weeks that I
shall be away,
"I beg that you'll invite your friends,
and feast and dance and play;
"And all my property I'll leave con-
fided to your care:
"Here are the keys of all my chests,
there's plenty and to spare.

“ But this small key belongs to one small room on the ground-floor,—

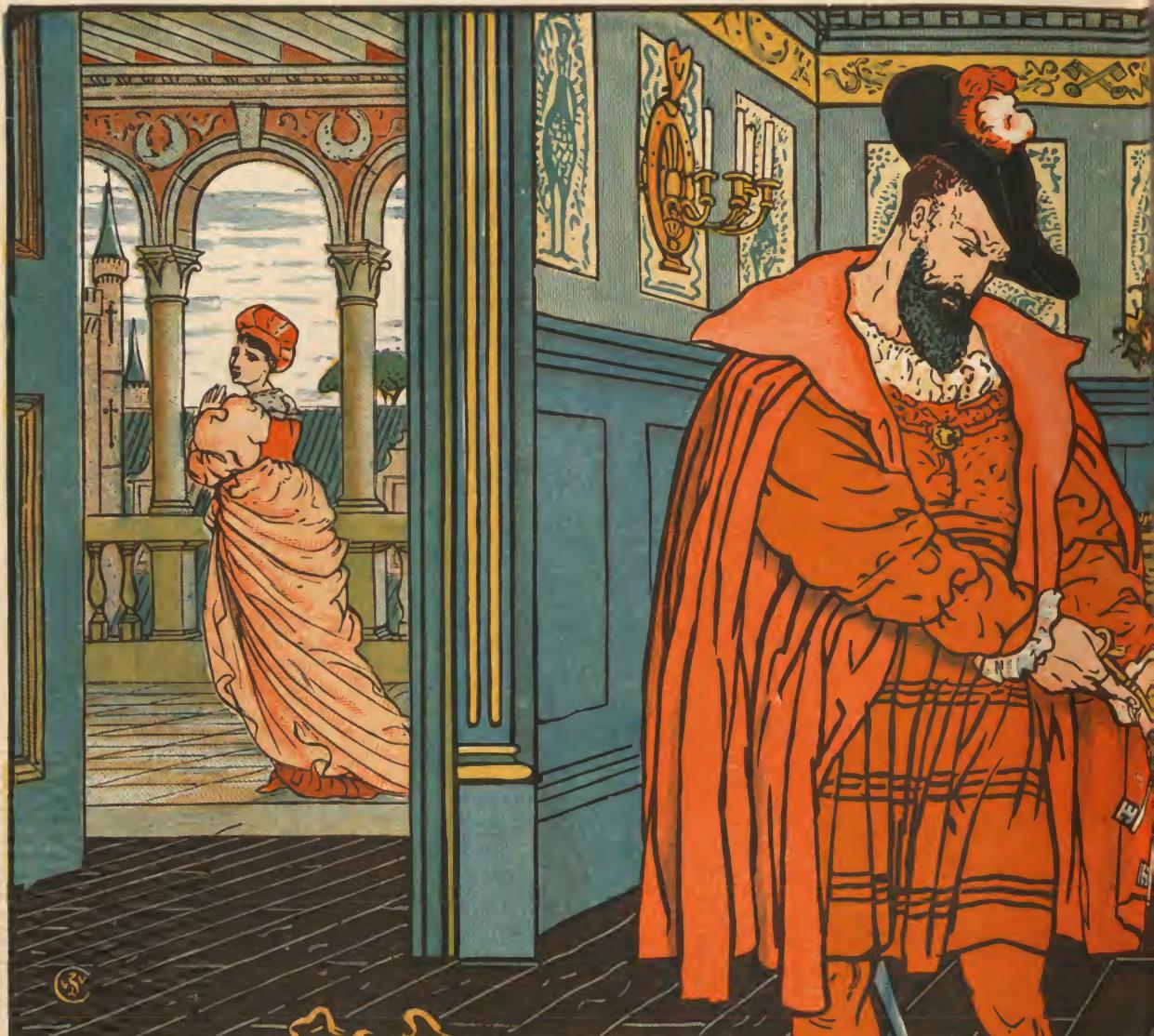
“ And this you must not open, or you will repent it sore.”

And so he went; and all the friends came there from far and wide,

And in her wealth the lady took much happiness and pride;

But in a while this kind of joy grew nearly satisfied,





And oft she saw the closet door, and longed
to look inside.

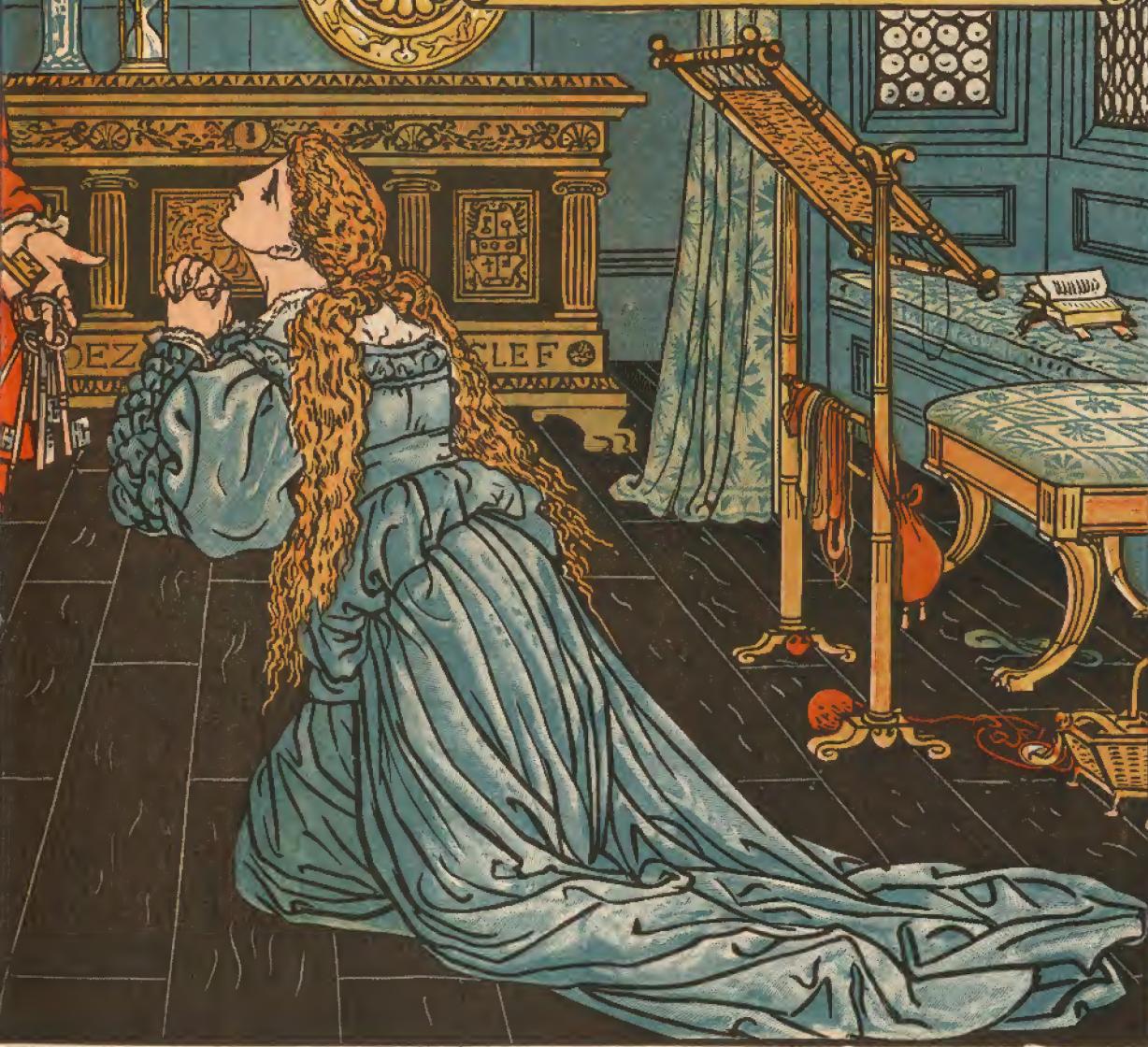
At last she could no more refrain, and turned
the little key,

And looked within, and fainted straight the
horrid sight to see;

For there upon the floor was blood, and on
the walls were wives,

For Bluebeard first had married them, then
cut their throats with knives.

And this poor wife, distracted, picked the key
up from the floor,
All stained with blood ; and with much fear
she shut and locked the door.
She tried in vain to clean the key and wash
the stain away
With sand and soap,—it was no use. Blue-
beard came back that day ;
At once he asked her for the key,—he saw
the bloody stain,—





"You have been in the closet once,
and you shall go again!"

"O spare me, spare me! give me
time, nor kill me hastily!"

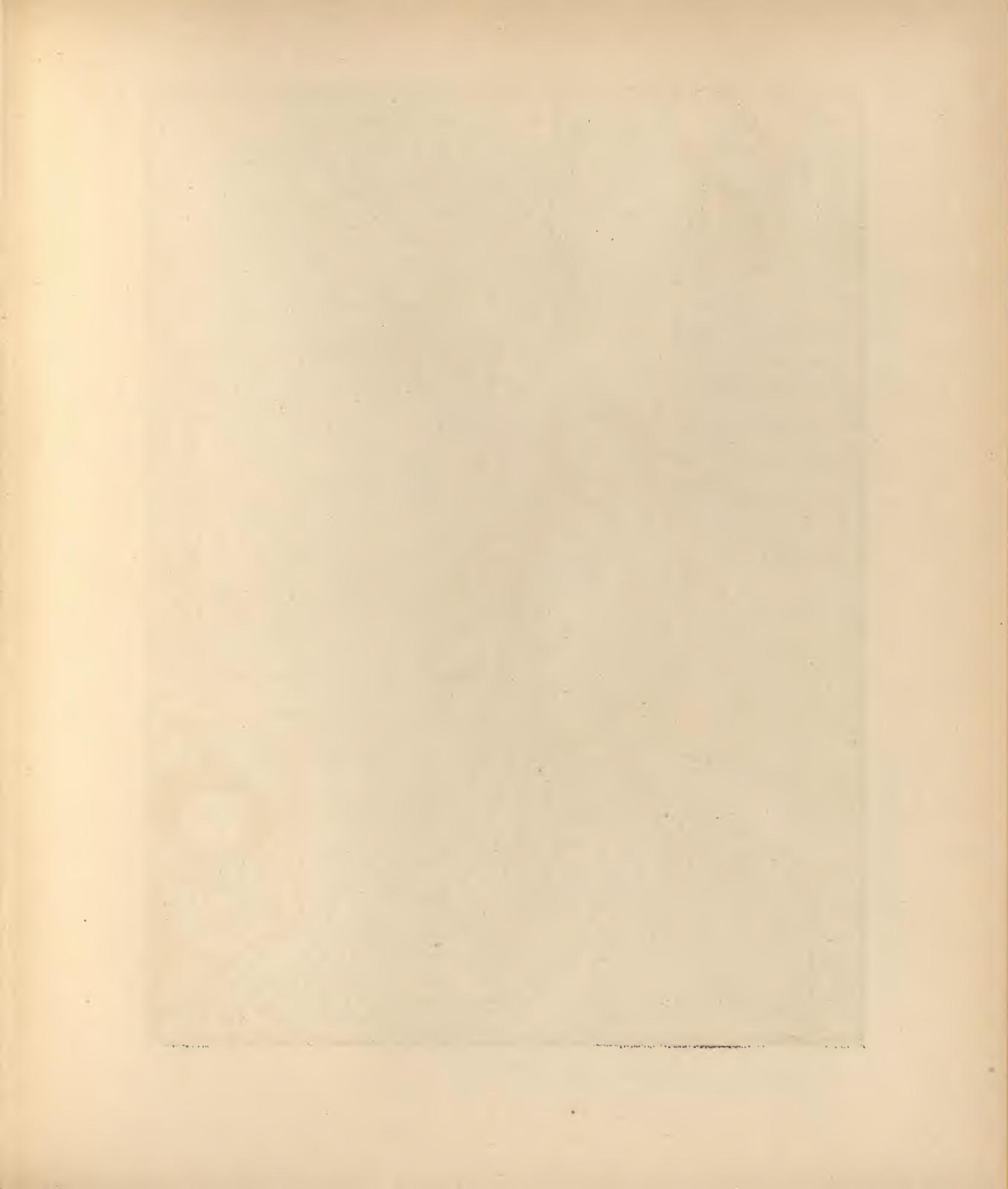
"You have a quarter of an hour,—
then, madam, you must die!"

"O sister Anne, go up, go up, and
look out from the tower;

"I'm dead unless my brothers come
in a quarter of an hour!"

And Anne looked once, and Anne
looked twice, and nothing saw
abroad,

But shining sun and growing grass,
and dust upon the road.



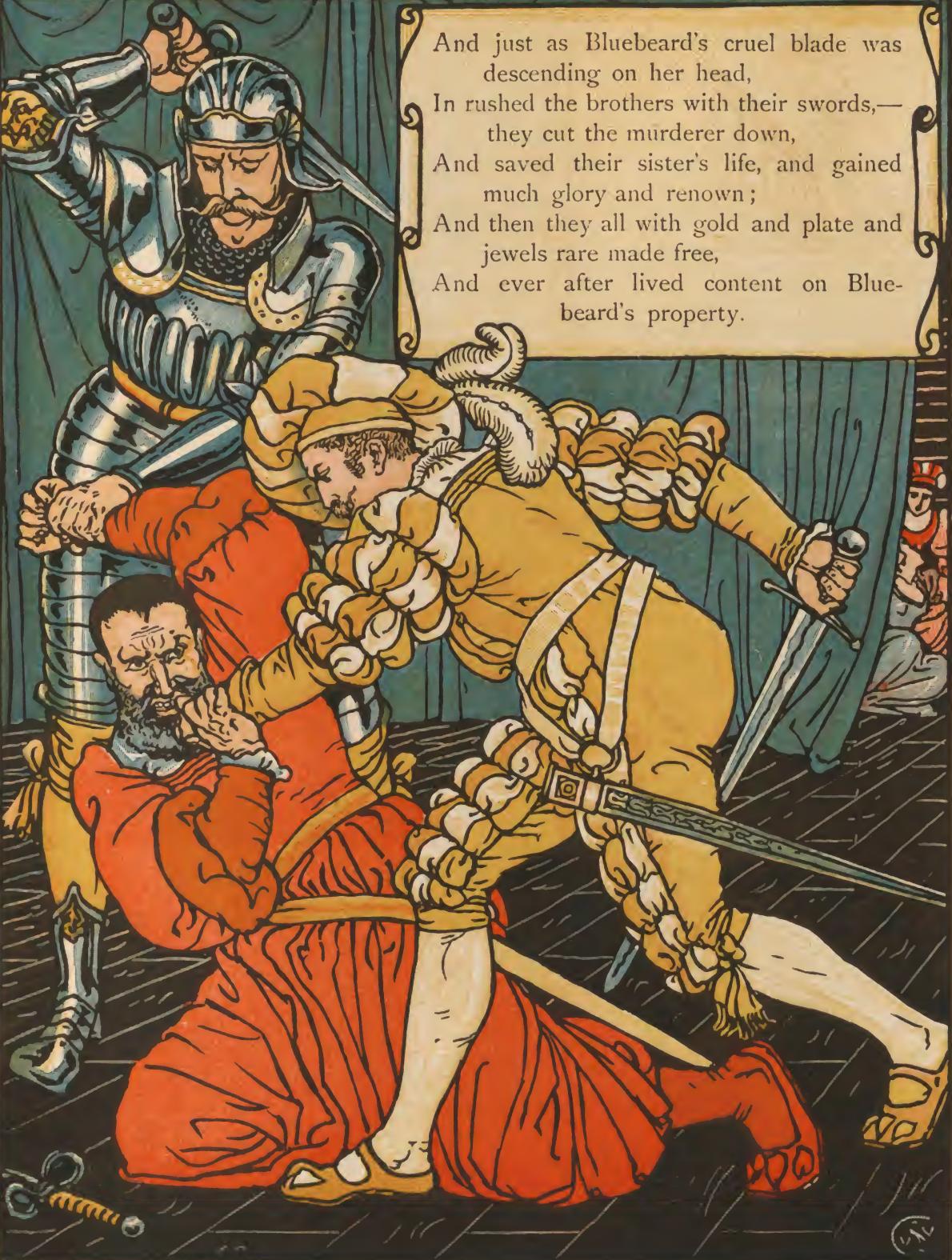


"Come down!" cried Bluebeard, "time is up!" With many a sigh and moan,
She prayed him for a minute more; he shouted still, "Come down!"

"O sister Anne, look out, look out! and do you nothing see?"

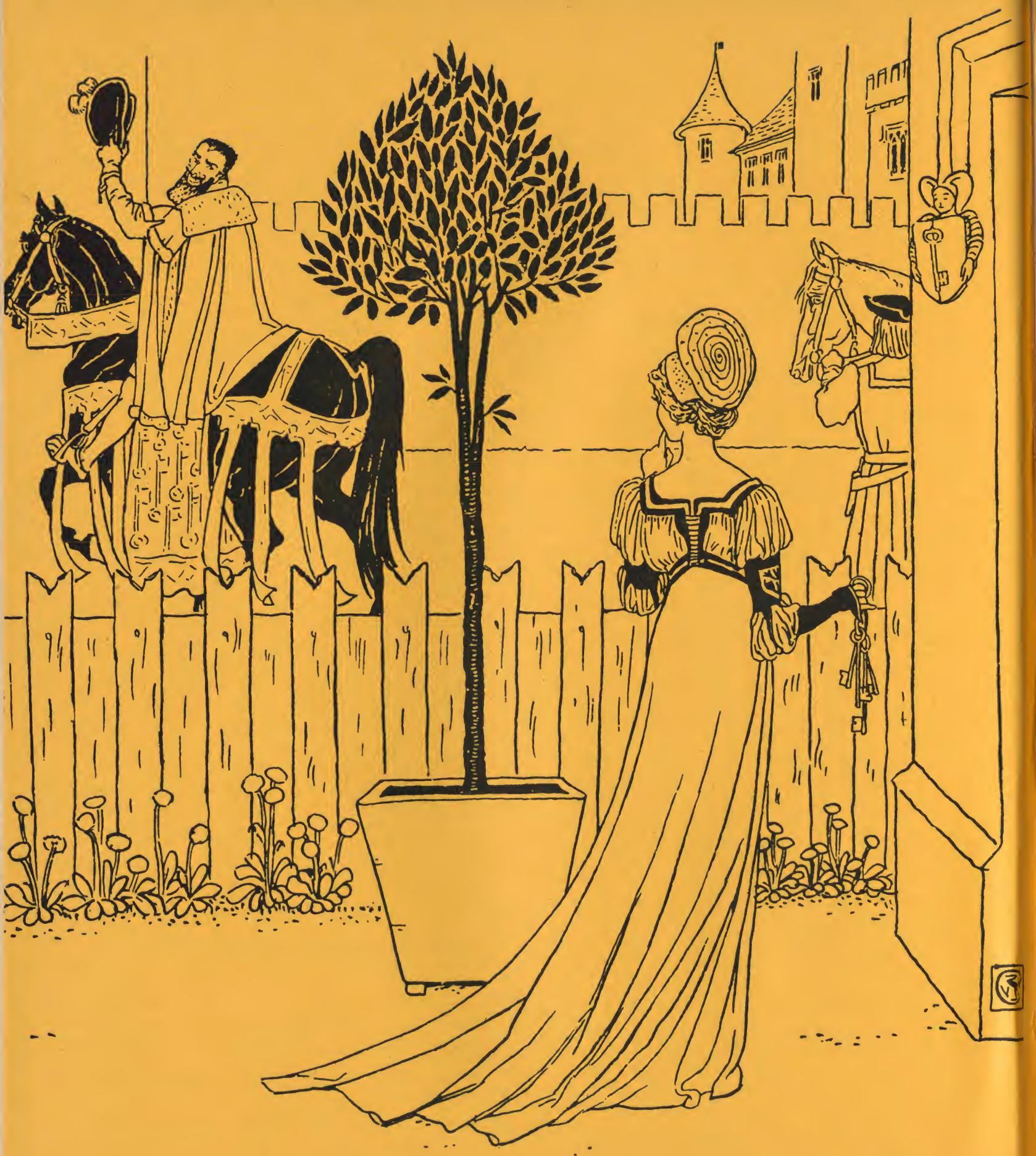
"At last I see our brothers two come riding hastily."

"Now spare me, Bluebeard,—spare thy wife!" but as the words were said,



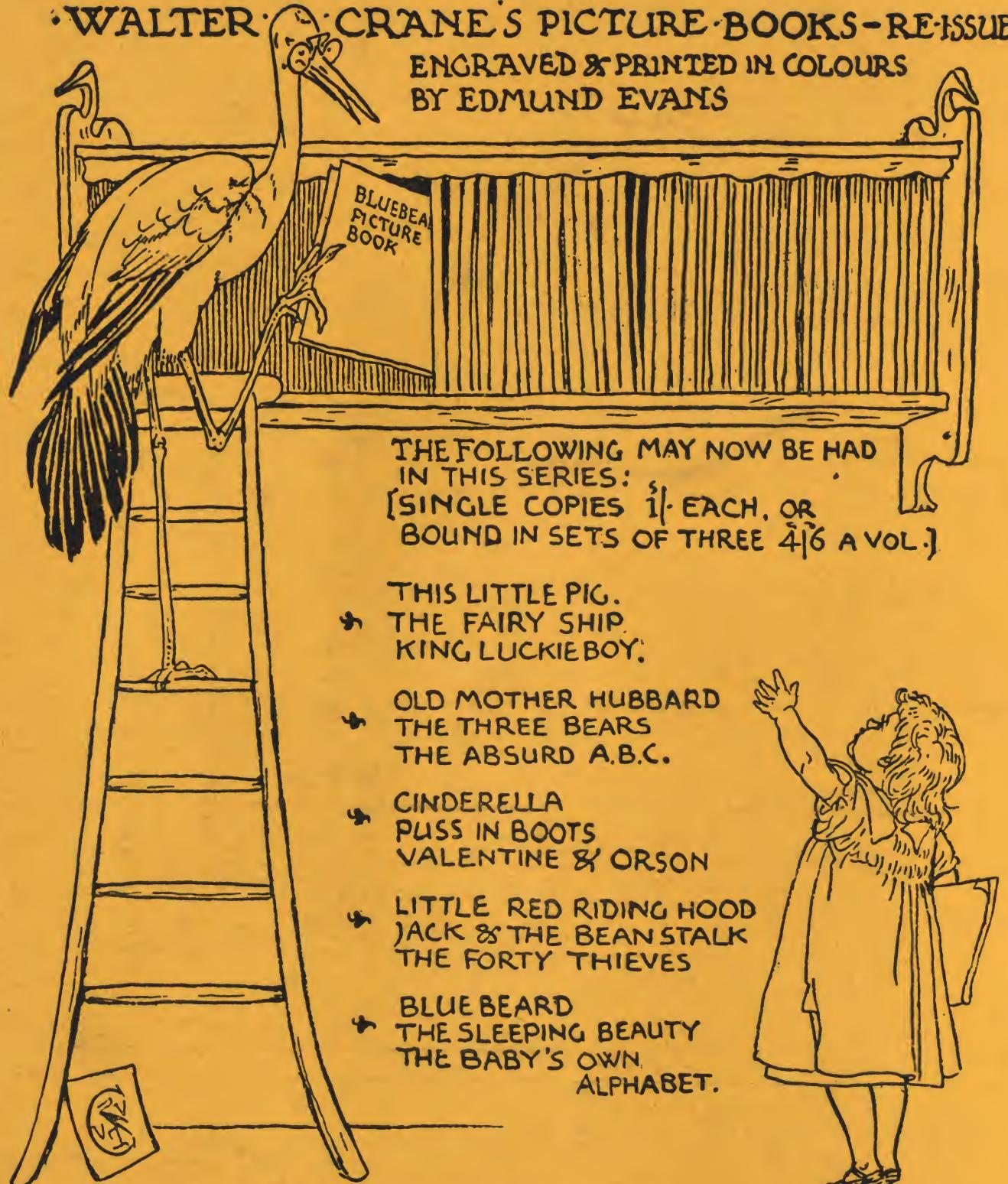
And just as Bluebeard's cruel blade was
descending on her head,
In rushed the brothers with their swords,—
they cut the murderer down,
And saved their sister's life, and gained
much glory and renown;
And then they all with gold and plate and
jewels rare made free,
And ever after lived content on Blue-
beard's property.







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WALTER CRANE'S PICTURE BOOKS · RE-ISSUE ·

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY



LONDON · & · NEW YORK · JOHN LANE · THE BODLEY HEAD ·







THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

LONG, long ago, in ancient times, there lived a King and Queen,
And for the blessing of a child their longing sore had been;
At last, a little daughter fair, to their great joy, was given,
And to the christening feast they made, they bade the Fairies seven—

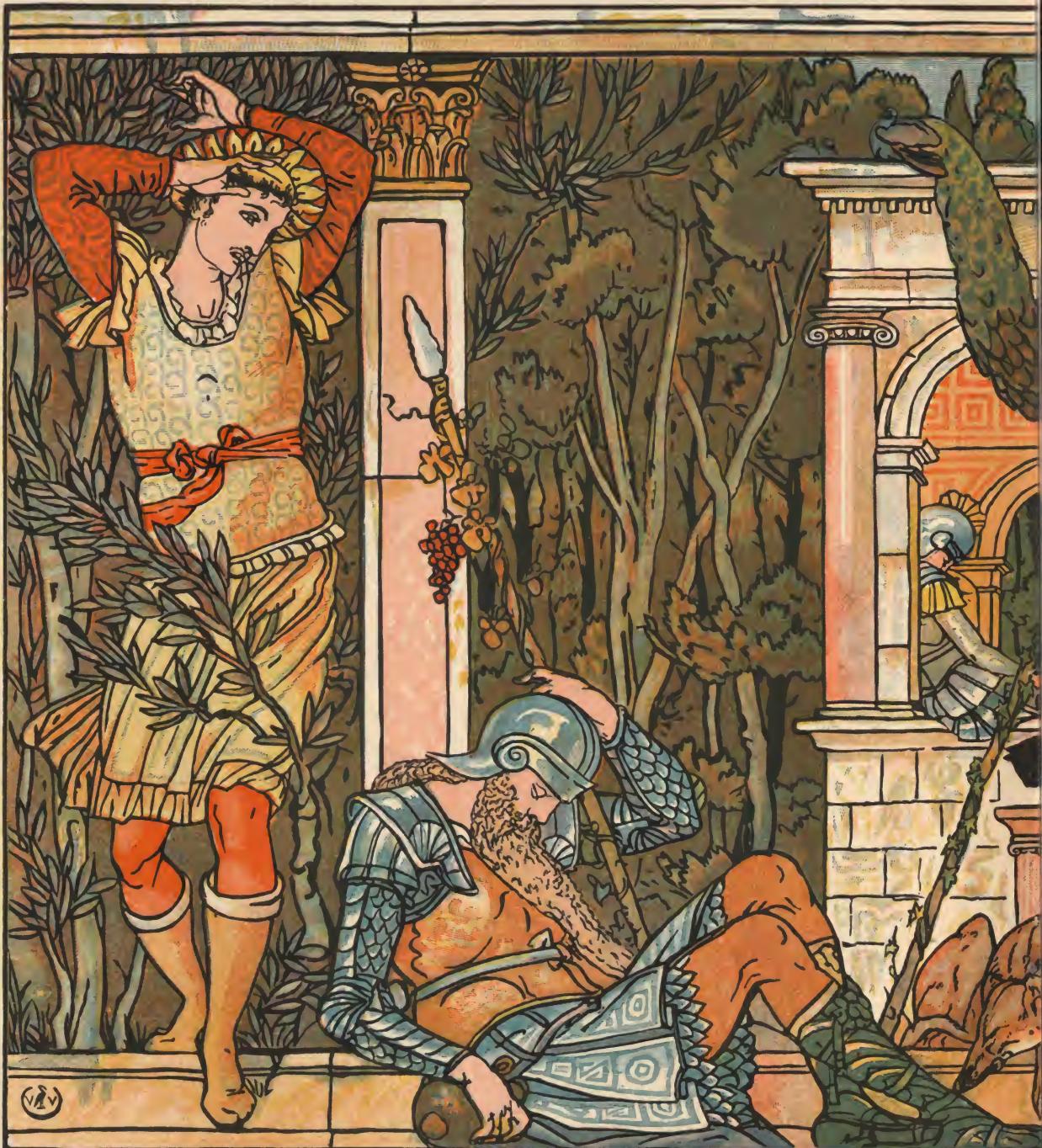


The Fairies seven, who loved the land—that they the child might bless;
Yet one old Fairy they left out, in pure forgetfulness.
And at the feast, the dishes fair were of the reddest gold;
But when the Fairy came, not one for her, so bad and old.
Angry was she, because her place and dish had been forgot,
And angry things she muttered long, and kept her anger hot,





Until the Fairy godmothers their gifts and wishes gave :
She waited long to spoil the gifts, and her revenge to have.
One gave the Princess goodness, and one gave her beauty rare ;
One gave her sweetest singing voice ; one, gracious mien and air ;
One, skill in dancing ; one, all cleverness ; and then the crone
Came forth, and muttered, angry still, and good gift gave she none ;



N But said, that in the future years the Princess young should die,
By pricking of a spindle-point—ah, woeful prophecy!
But now, a kind young Fairy, who had waited to the last, [are past;
Stepped forth, and said, “No, she shall sleep till a hundred years
“And then she shall be wakened by a King’s son—truth I tell—
“And he will take her for his wife, and all will yet be well.”

In vain in all her father’s Court
In vain in all the country-side
For in a lonely turret high, and
There lives an ancient woman
The Princess found her out one
Alas! the spindle pricked her hand



t the spinning-wheel's forbid
the spindles sharp are hid;

Up a winding stair,

 [care.

 who still turns her wheel with

 e day, and tried to learn to spin;

 and—the charm had entered in!

And down she falls in death-like sleep: they lay her on her bed,
And all around her sink to rest—a palace of the dead!

A hundred years pass—still they sleep, and all around the place

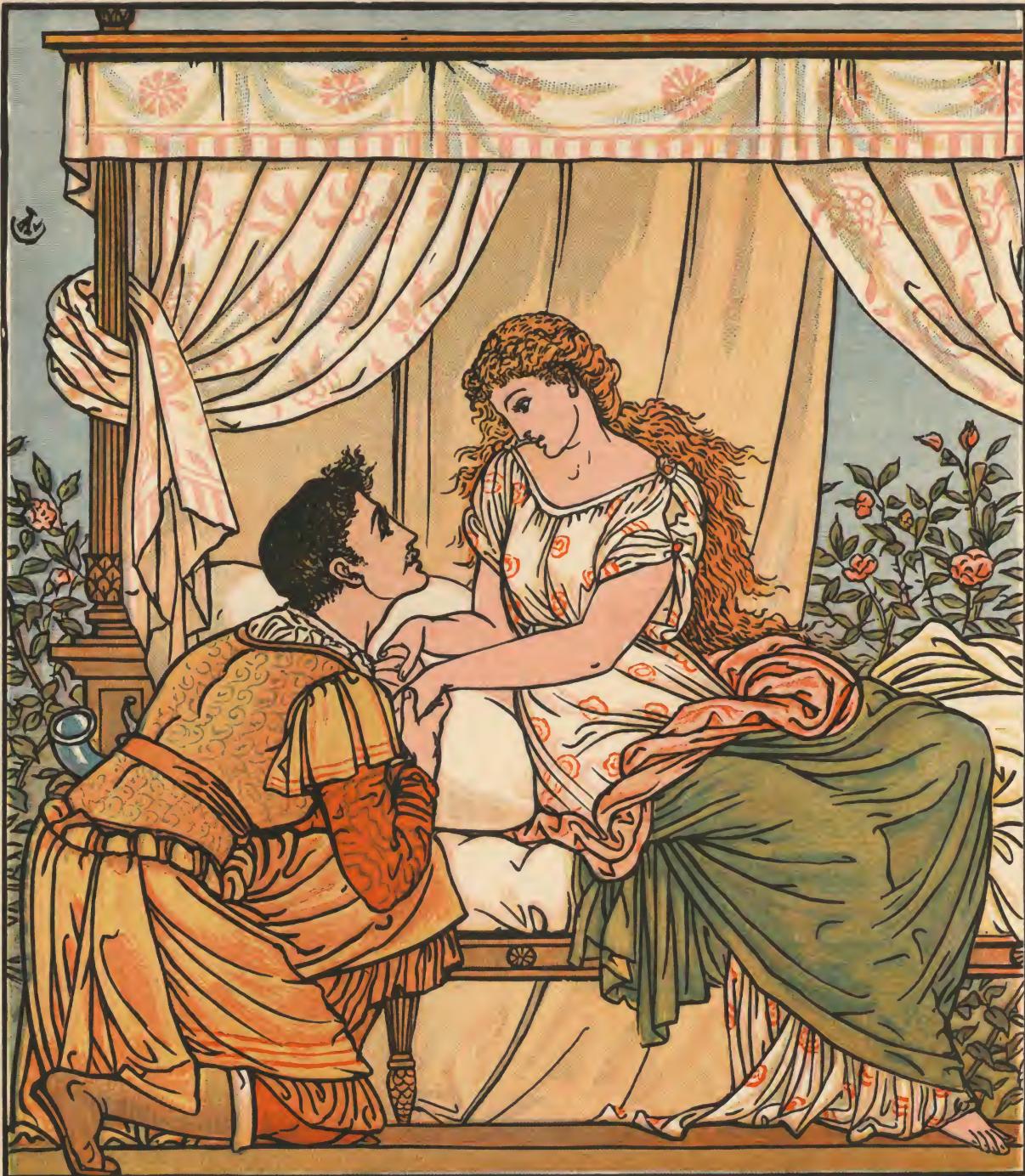
A wood of thorns has risen up—no path a man can trace.

At last, a King's son, in the hunt, asked how long it had stood,

 And what old towers were those he saw above the ancient wood,



An aged peasant told of an enchanted palace, where
A sleeping King and Court lay hid, and sleeping Princess fair,
Through the thick wood, that gave him way, and past the thorns that drew
Their sharpest points another way, the King's son presses through.
He reached the guard, the court, the hall,—and there, where'er he stept,
He saw the sentinels, and grooms, and courtiers as they slept.



Ladies in act to smile, and pages in attendance wait;
The horses slept within their stalls, the dogs about the gate.
The King's son presses on, into an inner chamber fair,
And sees, laid on a silken bed, a lovely lady there;
So sweet a face, so fair—was never beauty such as this;
He stands—he stoops to gaze—he kneels—he wakes her with a kiss.

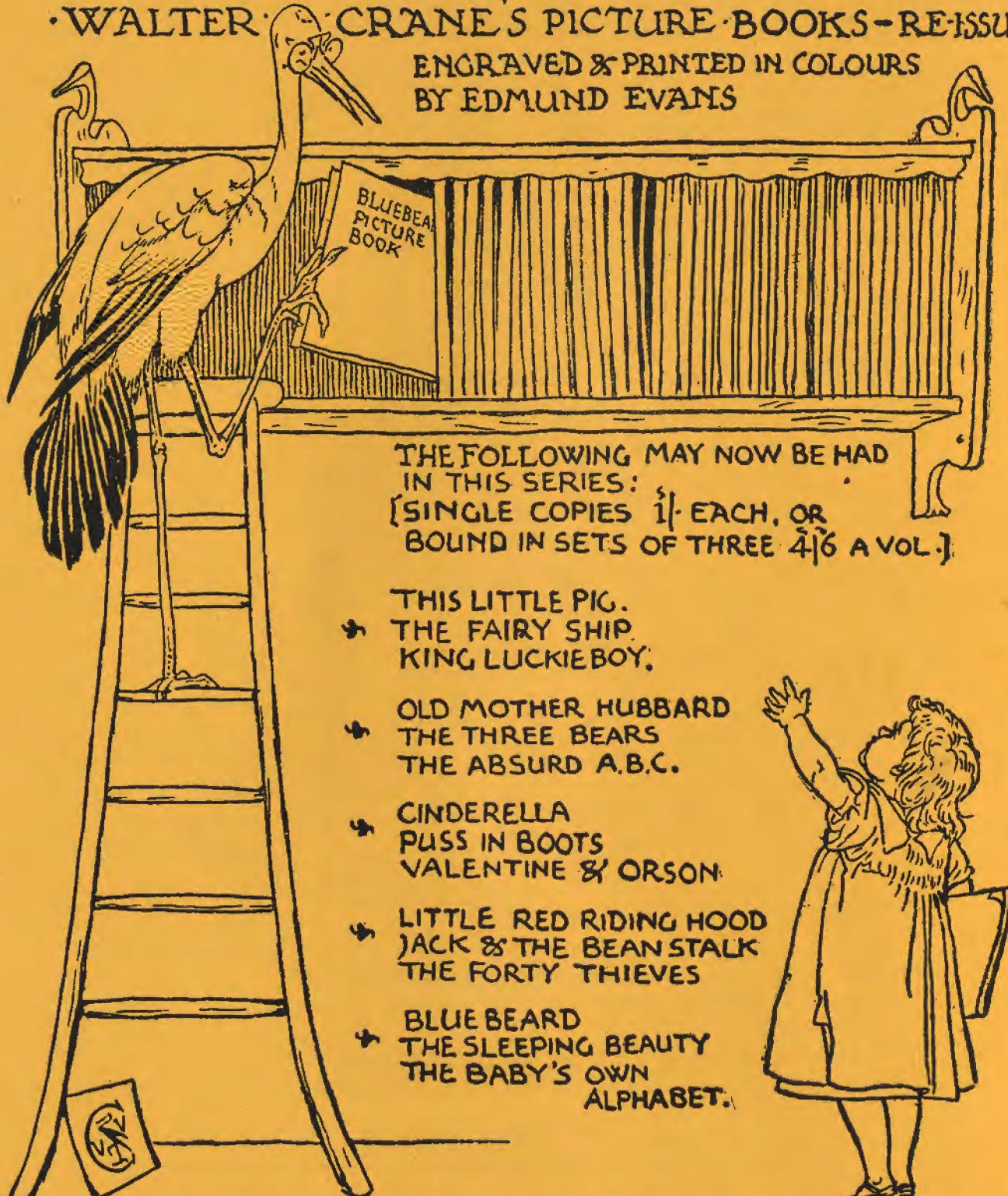


He leads her forth ; the magic sleep of all the Court is o'er,—
They wake, they move, they talk, they laugh, just as they did of yore
A hundred years ago. The King and Queen awake, and tell
How all has happed, rejoicing much that all has ended well.
They hold the wedding that same day, with mirth and feasting good—
The wedding of the Prince and Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.





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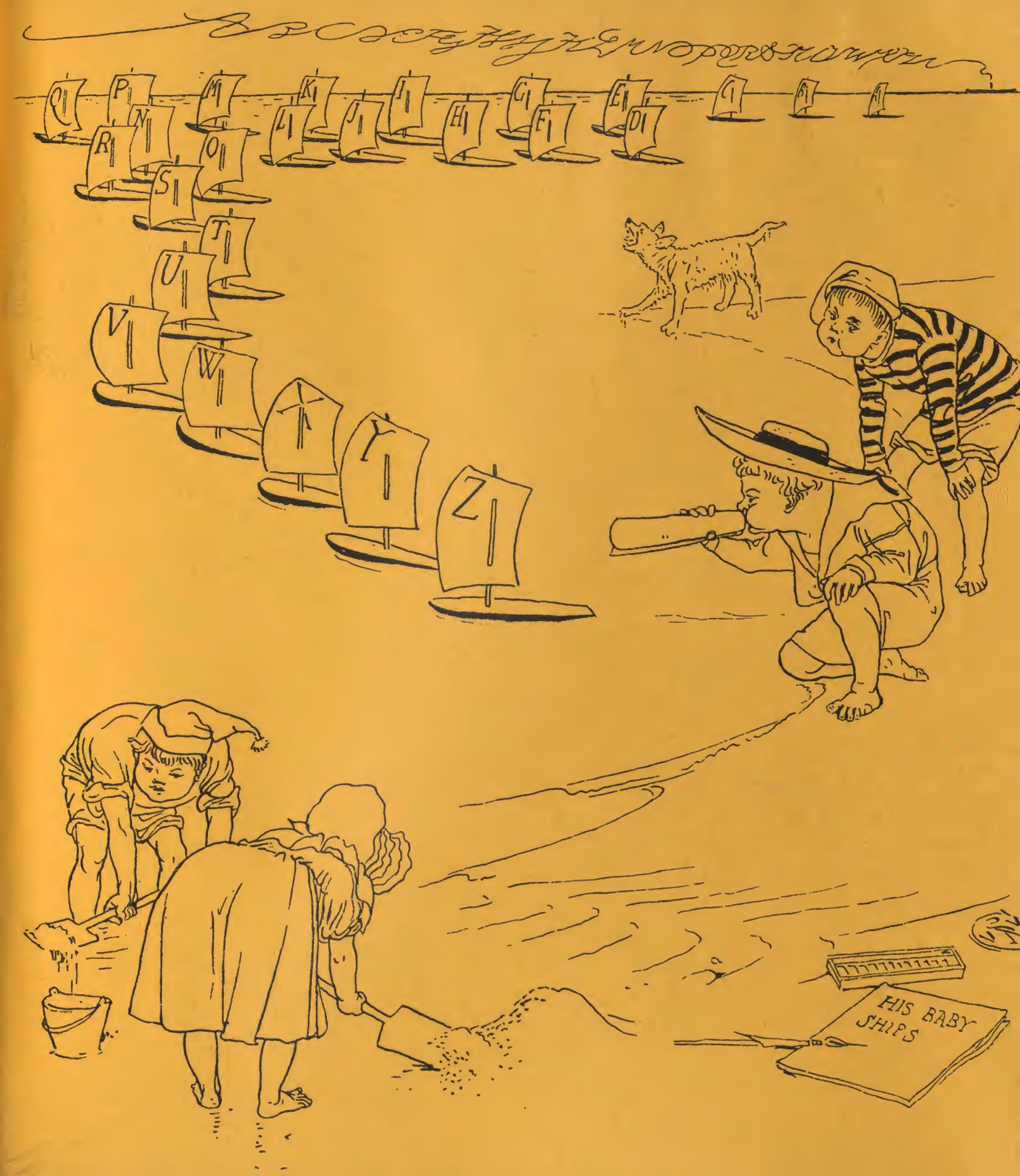
THE BABY'S OWN.



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A a
B b
C c
D d



As I was going up Pippin Hill,
Pippin hill was dirty, I
There I met a pretty miss,
And she dropped me a curtsy.



Boys and girls come out to play, Come with a whoop, come with a call,
The moon doth shine as bright as day: Come with a good will, or not at all.



Little
Tommy
Trout

CUCKOO cherry tree! How many years!
Come down & tell me; I have to live!
DING, dong, bell,
Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in?
Naughty Johnny Green
Who pulled her out?

F F F e
F f
G g



EARLY to bed, and early to rise, Is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise.



FOR every evil under the sun If there be one, try and find it;
There is a remedy, or there is none. If there be none, never mind it.



Great A, little A; Bouncing B; The cat's in the cupboard, And she can't see me.

Hh



HARK! hark! the dogs do bark,
Some in rags & some in tags;
The Beggars are coming to town,
And some in Velvet gowns.

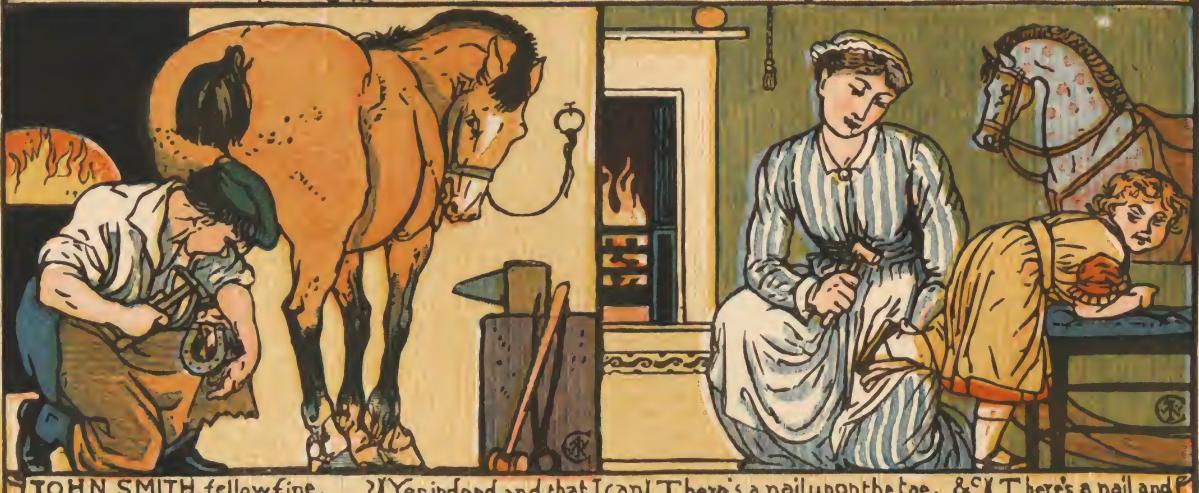
Ii



I HAD a little pony,
They called it Dapple Gray;
I lent it to a lady
To ride a mile away.

She whipped it, she slashed it,
She drove it through the mire,
I will not lend my pony more,
For all the ladies' hire!

Jj



JOHN SMITH, fellow fine,
Can you shoe this horse o' mine?
Yes, indeed, and that I can!
As well as any man!

There's a nail upon the tae,
There's a nail, and
To make the pony speel the brace;
There's a brod

K k

L l

M m



KING O'KATCHEM met a king,
In a narrow lane ;

Saysthis King to that King,
"Where have you been?"



"Oh, I've been a
hunting,
With my dog &
my doe.
Pray lend him to
That I may do ^{me} so."

"There's the dog,
TAKE the dog;
What's the dog's
name?"
I've told you al-
ready
Pray tell me again."

LADYBIRD, ladybird, fly away home,
Your house is a-fire, your children all gone.

All but one that lies under a stone;
Fly thee home, ladybird, ere it be gone!



MULTIPLICATION is vexation,
Division's twice as bad ;

The Rule of Three it puzzles me,
And Fractions drive me mad !

N n O O P p



O H, Mother, I'm to be married
To M^r Pun, To M^r Nel, M^r Pun, M^r Chin, M^r Nel,
To M^r Punchinello; To M^r Chin. To M^r Lo, To M^r Punchinello. (M^r Lo)



Q
R
S



QUEEN of Hearts, She made some tarts, All on a summer's day:
Q The Knave of Hearts, Hestole the tarts, And took them all away.



RAIN, rain, Go to Spain, And never come back again.

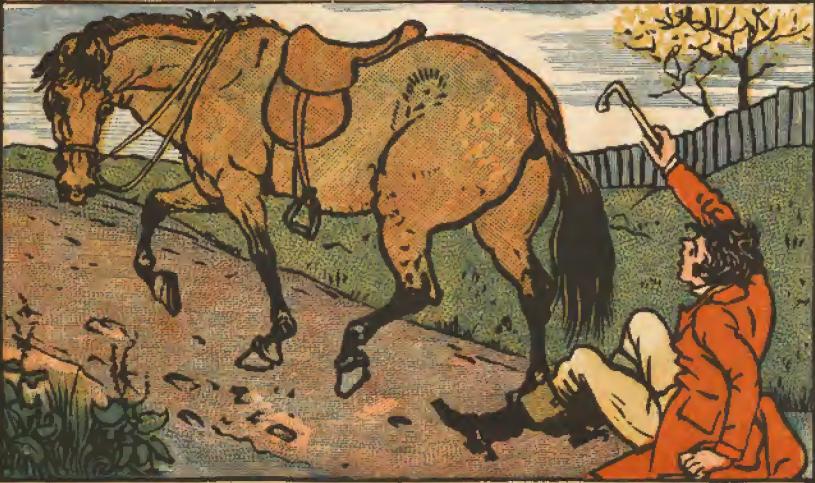


SEE, Saw, Margery Daw, Sold her bed, and lay upon straw.

T
t
U
u
V
v



Three children sliding on the ice, As it fell out, they all fell in:
Upon a summer's day, The rest they ran away:



Up hill spare me, Down hill ware me, On level ground spare me not, And in the stable
forget me not.



VALENTINE The rose is red; the violet's blue, The pink is sweet; & so are you.

W

w

X

x

Y

y

Z

z



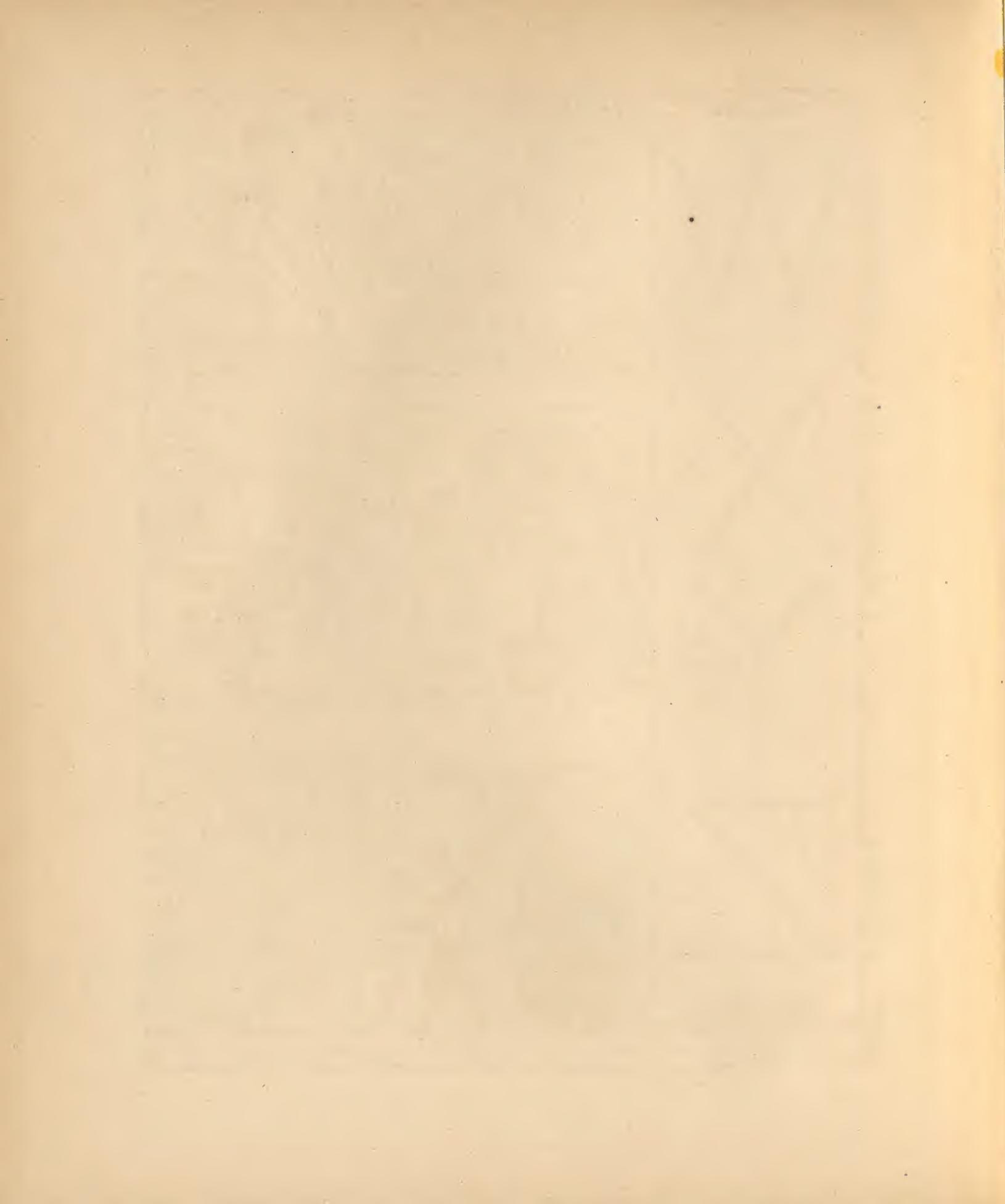
WE'LL go a-shooting, says Robin to Bobbin; We go a-shooting, says Richard.
We'll go a-shooting, says John all alone; We'll go a-shooting, says every one. [to John,



XMAS GIFTS. The first day of XMAS. The king sent
me a partridge in a pear tree. This lady on the first Yule day,
A partridge in a pear tree. Whole aims my carol & carries it away;



ZOOLOGICAL Gardens, where you shall go, too! But it's through A.B.C. that we get to the Zoo!





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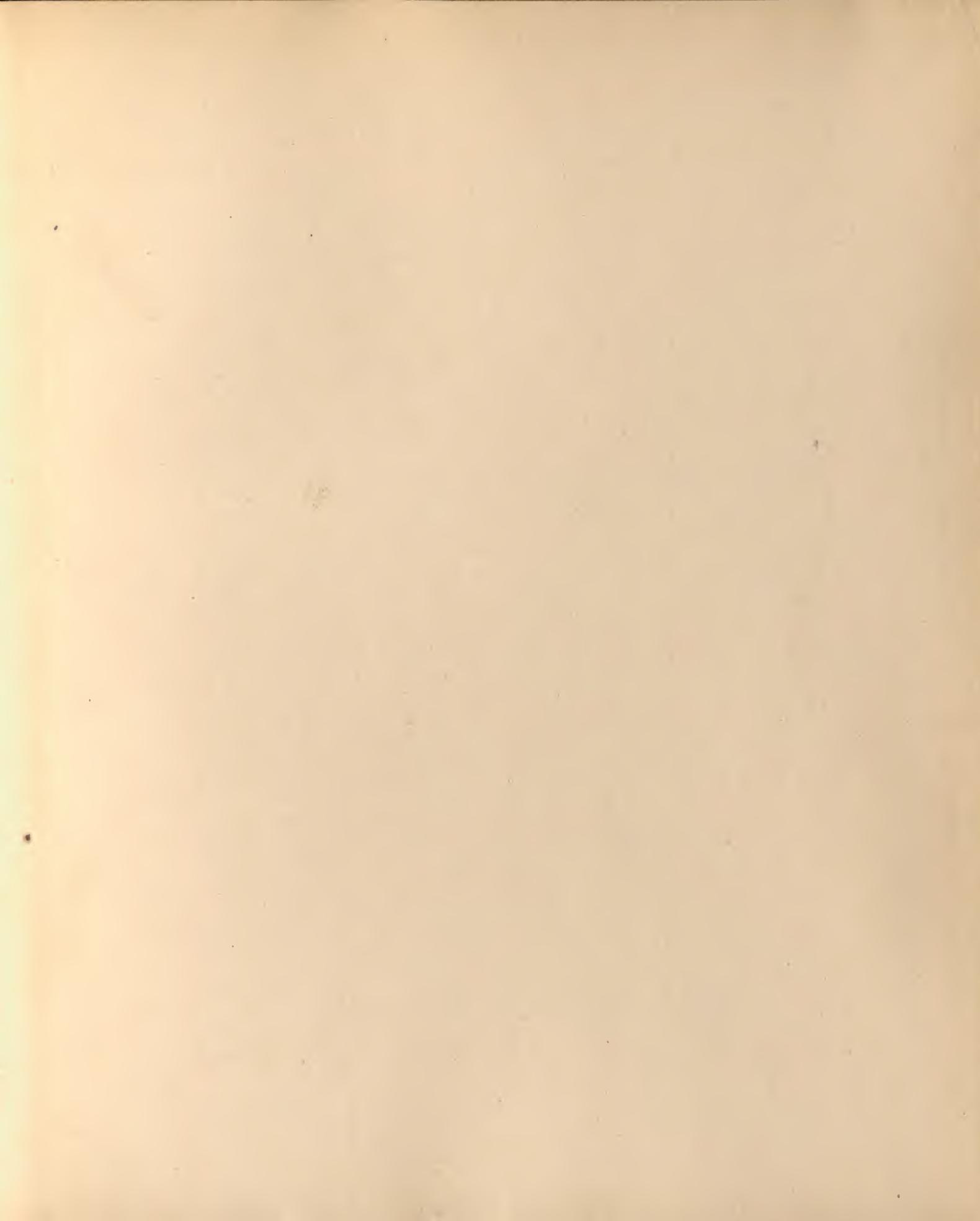
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